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ONE WOULD THINK from the rude and disagreeable tone of its diplomatic notes that the Baldwin Government intended from now on to ignore the very existence of Soviet Russia. Unfortunately for the dignity of British Conservative leaders Russia is difficult to snub. It is neither small nor weak nor dependent nor meek. It has weapons of retaliation and the hard purpose to use them when necessary. In a gruff note the present British Government repudiated the treaties negotiated by the MacDonald Ministry and reaffirmed its faith in the authenticity of the Zinoviev letter. The Soviet Government answered politely and repeated its offer to submit the question of authenticity to an impartial commission. This offer will undoubtedly be ignored; the Baldwin Ministry cannot afford

to discover that letter to be a fake. Officially Russia is polite. But behind the government mask of dignified regret, Communist leaders in speech and in writing are making plain their resentment. In an "Open Letter to Messrs. Arthur Ponsonby, E. D. Morel, and to other founders of the Union of Democratic Control" Radek has suggested that an organization similar to the union be founded in Russia to study "the regime of forgery which is carried on by the English Government" and to publish "in hundreds and thousands of copies, in Chinese, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and other languages, the detailed history" of these forgeries.

"FASCISM IS SHAKEN by Internal Crisis," we read in a headline. Possibly. Yet only six months back we remember reading predictions of the impending fall of Fascism on account of the murder of Matteotti. Now it is the publication more than a year after it was written of a letter from General Balbo, commander of the fascist militia, to the head of the party in Bologna, urging the use of violence against the opposition. As soon as this letter became public Balbo sent his resignation to Mussolini and the latter promptly accepted it. Mussolini's personal position has been made further uncomfortable by the publication of a letter sent upon his order, during the election campaign last spring, by the secretary general of the Fascist Party, directing that the opposition speakers Sala and Forni should not be allowed to hold meetings. "Wherever they are seen they must be violently attacked by all Fascisti." This, of course, is ammunition for the opposition, but it does not prove that Fascism is about to die. Even if the present dictatorship were overthrown the chances are at least even that it would be replaced by another dictatorship—possibly more arbitrary. The hope for Italy is in a return to a more tolerant and democratic attitude of mind. That there is yeast working toward such a change we gather from the Manchester *Guardian*, which writes of the remarkable influence of that excellent opposition newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera*, whose circulation has reached a million copies.

HUNGARY HAS BEEN THE BAD BOY of Central Europe for so long that its misbehavior has become a rather tiresome accepted fact. But Hungary keeps trying to produce new evidences of its deep-seated discontent. Just at present it is in the midst of a storm of accusations of government corruption, which the authorities have met by the swift expedient of throwing bodily out of Parliament a dozen Social Democrats and two opposition leaders. The royal castle and other state buildings are occupied by troops, the streets are patrolled, public meetings have been dissolved, and editions of three opposition newspapers have been confiscated. Popular mass meetings have been called in protest; and on both sides the conventional stage settings for revolution have been trundled out. It is possible to admit with Samuel Untermyer, whose recent address on European conditions we print this week in the International Relations Section, that Hungary has been badly treated by the Allies, her territory unjustly

confiscated and her army disproportionately reduced. But it is impossible to wish that more men and guns were at the disposal of the wanton and reckless crew who are smashing opposition by force, hiding corruption, and turning their instruments of justice to the unsavory job of finding Count Karolyi, democrat and patriot, guilty of "treason."

SAMUEL GOMPERS sat triumphantly through the El Paso convention of the American Federation of Labor—he did not even have to ride roughshod over the opposition, for it bowed as he approached. Never did his iron control seem stronger. But Gompers is a sick man and an old man—although it is true that his father only recently died—and it is not likely that the seventy-four-year-old veteran will have many more opportunities to be reelected president of the federation. Meanwhile the lesser pundits are maneuvering for position. Will John Lewis, chief of the miners, a Coolidge Republican, be able to seize the leadership? Will it pass to one of Gompers's own cabinet? Or will some new labor leader arise with the vision and the statesmanship to bring the federation, the railway brotherhoods, and the dissident clothing workers together in one powerful group and make it a rejuvenating force in American life? We must wait to see. Meanwhile, friends of labor will watch with interest the career of Robert P. Brindell, the crooked czar of the New York building trades, who has just won his fight for an unmerited parole.

THE TROUBLE WITH EFFORTS so far to improve labor conditions in the coal-fields of West Virginia is that they have come largely from without. Commissions may report, newspapers may expose, and preachers may decry—the situation is likely to remain much the same as long as the mass of the citizens of the State and the public officials that represent them are indifferent or hostile to change. Regeneration must come from within. Hence we are glad to read the words of the federal judge who recently sentenced Don Chafin, the notorious sheriff of Logan County, for violation of the prohibition laws. Chafin was not convicted for any of his thuggery against labor, but the judge took occasion to say just the same:

It has been one of the sad bits of knowledge that have come to me during the three years that I have been upon the bench of this court, that in the district over which I preside, which district is composed of twenty-four counties, there should be any counties therein where liberty of life and property and the pursuit of one's own business was impossible by reason of the local government assuming to itself the power and authority to say who should come into the county, who should stay in the county, and what they should do while in the county. It might as well be realized that no coal association, by laying a tonnage tax on their coal, and paying it unto a corrupt sheriff, can prevent human liberty in the counties where that sort of thing is done. If I were to go into the field of prophecy I would say that the coming legislature is going to prohibit this system of deputy sheriffs that has prevailed in Logan County, and probably in some other counties.

We hope that the judge's prediction may come true. In the meanwhile an injunction suit has been begun to prohibit the mine-guard system in Logan County.

THE BOSS-ORDERED NOMINATION of Hiram Bingham as Republican candidate for Senator from Connecticut has already led to the bolting of Horace D. Taft

and ex-Governor E. J. Lake, both of whom will vote for Hamilton Holt, the Democratic nominee. There can be no doubt whatever that if the voters of that State should choose according to fitness rather than party labels, Mr. Holt would be chosen, despite the fact that he is obsessed by his adoration of the League of Nations. Aside from the truth that Lieutenant-Governor Bingham is without the service or public experience which would especially fit him for the senatorship, he has only just been elected Governor of Connecticut to take office on January 1. To demand and receive the senatorship now is to break faith with the people who chose him to head the State government. But his action is quite in keeping with Hiram Bingham's overweening ambition. An explorer, a writer, a Yale professor, a soldier in the war, and then a politician, he owes his present office to the Republican boss, J. Henry Roraback, for he had had no previous service in any Connecticut office. A militaristic imperialist, his career, if he enters the Senate, will parallel Henry Cabot Lodge's in its subservience to the machine, its boundless ambition, and its championship of privilege. The permanence of Mr. Bingham's beliefs is instanced by his having written a book a few years ago denouncing the Monroe Doctrine as an obsolete shibboleth, whereas today—since entering public life—he has "changed his mind" about it. Like the Republican *New Haven Journal-Courier*, revolting against Mr. Bingham, we urge our Connecticut readers to vote for Mr. Holt.

WARREN WORTH BAILEY was the liberal Democratic, anti-Klan, wet candidate for Congress in the Twentieth Pennsylvania District. On the face of the returns his Republican opponent was elected by a scant plurality. The Republicans, not satisfied with this, appeared before the local judges and had the ballot boxes reopened. The recount, to their dismay, showed a majority for Bailey! Hoist by their own petard, they retired to think it over. As a result the Klan candidate is now appealing to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on the ground that the local court had no authority to go behind the official returns in the case of a federal election. There is a nice constitutional point involved, and we do not know what the courts may decide. We do know what decency demands. How can a man have the face to take a seat in Congress upon the plea that while he was in fact defeated, legal technicalities intervened to save him?

WE ARE GROPING toward a reduction of the misery and waste of unemployment. Government assistance, as worked out in Europe, has not yet been accepted in America, but other experiments are in process. A scheme of unemployment insurance, supported jointly by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the manufacturers, was established in Chicago last year, and now a similar arrangement has been adopted in the industry in New York City. Union employees will contribute 1½ per cent of their wages and their employers an equal amount to a fund which may total \$1,000,000 a year, according to Jacob Billikopf, impartial chairman in the men's clothing industry. The arrangement is not ideal. Unemployment is largely unnecessary; it is the result partly of the seasonal organization of certain industries, partly of alternating booms and depressions, and partly of sheer carelessness and indifference among employers. As long as industry is primarily in the control of capital and the profits of boom periods go chiefly to the

employer we believe that he alone should pay for unemployment insurance, as he does for that against accident. In this respect the bill introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature last year was sound. Also a sliding scale of premiums would have penalized the careless employer and thus worked toward a reduction in unemployment instead of merely charging its cost to the industry and finally to the consumer. Still we welcome the present experiment as a practical step in lessening the tragedy of unemployment.

EVERY TIME we have to buy a new suit of clothes, which is an infrequent but painful moment, we read advertisements and fashion articles for several days in advance in order to learn "what the well-dressed man should wear." Just now, we gather from the *Daily News Record*, our estimable contemporary in men's suits, the chief point upon which we should insist is a coat-of-arms instead of the plain label that father used to wear:

The idea of selling a coat-of-arms with every suit is all O.K., if the supply of animals—unicorns especially—does not run out. . . . Heraldic labels are the animal crackers of clothes.

Unicorns are being extensively worn, but of course there are lions, horses, serpents, and an unlimited collection of four-legged whatnots born in fevered imaginations but seldom listed in a circus program.

The vogue of illustrated clothes, following that of illustrated books, began with overcoats, we learn, but the use of handsome labels is spreading so insidiously that it may reach underwear and corn-plasters by spring.

Overcoats have the best of it, however, because a man can fold an overcoat inside out and throw it over a chair with the label on top. Friends can sit around in a circle and admire it. A man cannot lounge gracefully with his jacket off, however, unless he is wearing a clean shirt.

We doubt if, after paying for our new suit, we shall be able to afford a clean shirt every day. Hence we shall demand that our label be sewed on the outside of the coat.

THE PLIGHT OF THE COUNTRY CHURCH was most usefully discussed at the recent meeting of the American Country Life Association at Columbus, Ohio. When 300 men and women, chiefly laymen, get together to consider such a problem in relation to the general question of rural living conditions we are apt to get truths all too often glossed over in purely ministerial gatherings. There seems to have been at Columbus remarkable agreement upon the fact that there are too many churches in rural communities and not enough cooperation among them, with the result that, thanks to a stupid and outgrown denominationalism, all the churches are weak and ineffective, with inadequate pulpit service. Unfortunately it is the denominations themselves which are the great stumbling-block to the realization of the true ideal of a noble community center, educational, with a profound ethical character, and supporting a free forum for the instruction of all the people in citizenship, in learning, in ethics. Professor Walter Burr, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, declared that while the great need of rural life today was unity, the national and State heads of the leading denominations who could alter the situation within a year refused to do so. Apparently they fear the effect of statistics showing the closing of many struggling churches. The Methodist clergy at Columbus telegraphed to their bishops to move toward

only one rural Protestant church to every thousand of population, and urged that no Methodist clergyman's standing be prejudiced by his appointment as the pastor of a federated, undenominational church. A recent study shows that church attendance in Windsor County, Vermont, has dropped 52 per cent in thirty years. How much longer can the denominations delay modernizing their rural work?

TO THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY we take off our hats.

If every religious or semi-religious journal were to do as valiant work against war as it does we should really make rapid strides toward the destruction of the war-gods. Most refreshing is its recent demand that the churches get out of the chaplaincy business. There has never been anything more disgusting than the assigning of Christian ministers, trained to preach the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" to the service of troops trained for mass murder. But the *Christian Century* now realizes that, aside from the ethical and moral issues involved, the chaplaincy is a deliberate part of the army's and navy's plan to hitch the church up to the war-game. Before the expansion of our army following the Spanish War the chaplains were usually broken-down or third-rate clergymen appointed by and for politicians for the mere purpose of filling sinecures. Later the Federal Council of Churches, to its disgrace, has taken an active part in the appointment of chaplains and has actually sponsored a bill to increase the chaplains from one to every 1,200 troops to one to every 800—without regard to whether the 800 want clergy or whether there is anything for such clergymen to do when appointed. The *Christian Century* rightly declares the whole business to be pagan and revolting; "the two institutions cannot be yoked together—the institution of Mars and the institution of Christ, the institution of fratricidal strife and the institution of brotherhood and universal good-will, the institution of the sword and the institution of the cross." By taking military service the ministry truly "degrades and forswears its high calling."

SO PHOTORADIOGRAMS are at hand. Not that the first attempts which appeared in metropolitan newspapers were satisfactory or appealing, but as the transmission of pictures by wire has been nearly perfected, so, through radio, we are also to have pictures sent through the air from one quarter of the world to another. We must confess that the feat accomplished interests us less than the way in which it was brought about. Owen D. Young once remarked that the time would come when the front page of a New York or London newspaper would be transmitted entire across the ocean to appear the next day in facsimile in London or New York. Thereupon three engineers of the General Electric Company and the Radio Corporation of America went to work to make good Mr. Young's prophecy. In other words, science is being developed by the choosing of a goal and the devoting of concentrated and elaborate efforts to its achievement. That is the modern way. Where Bell and Edison and Helmholtz delved and toiled to invent with little or no aid, the great modern corporations maintain huge laboratories in which sometimes a thousand persons are free to devote themselves to given problems with unlimited time and unlimited sums of money. In this case three brilliant men staked their minds, their laboratories, and the means of two great companies upon their succeeding, and won.

Beyond Egypt

BEHIND Egypt lies the Sudan, and Africa; and beyond Egypt is the Suez Canal, the gateway to Asia. The violence of the British action in Egypt is more than an imperial demonstration; it is the rattling of the sword of the West in the face of the restless East. It marks another chapter in the history of white hegemony over the yellow and dusky-skinned peoples of the ancient continents where our civilization was born.

To understand the significance of this conflict one must link with it a dozen other recent events: the success of the Moors in driving the Spanish to the coast in the Moroccan Riff; the rumblings of revolt in French Tunisia and unrest in French Syria; Italy's battles in Tripolitania; Persia's reported readiness to sponsor Egypt's case before the League (England probably can dissuade her); Turkey's success in defying the West; the capture of the Moslem holy places by the desert Wahabis, driving into exile the puppet prince whom the British had supported; the quarrel about Mosul; the lone stand of the British gentlemen who "represented" India at the Geneva opium conferences and there opposed the American effort, which Japan, China, Persia, and Turkey seconded, to stop the lucrative traffic in drugs; the duel in China between Soviet Russia and the West, with Japan intently watching; England's uneasiness over the Robinson-"Mr. A" trial which threatened to end hopes of a pro-British succession in the Kashmir border provinces of India. The East is in a process of rebirth; a new self-consciousness threatens Western dominance. In war time the Allied watchwords—"self-determination," "democracy," "rights of weak peoples"—leaked through to ears for which they were not intended, and ever since the ferment has been at work. No one can foresee the outcome; but worried colonial officials recall that European control of Asia is hardly more than a century old, and that Europe, exhausted by her own wars, is little disposed to spend her resources in holding far countries in check.

A fundamental question faces us which the Western countries—including the United States in the Philippines—will have to answer. Do we intend to attempt to hold our imperial power over Asia and Africa indefinitely, at any cost? Is our talk of the "white man's burden," of "education for self-government," of "mandates for mankind" mere pretense, simply a vocabulary devised to facilitate the processes of empire? Is our interest in the backward regions of the earth an interest of greed, such as might be suspected from the 20 per cent dividends paid last year by the British-owned Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Inc.—the corporation which will most profit if the British demand for unlimited water from the Gezira dam is forced through? Or do we honestly mean to set these peoples free? Do we intend the relation of master and minor which we have established in Asia and Africa to continue, even at the cost of war, or are we building toward a future of friendship? If the former, the British in Egypt are right; if the latter they are terribly, tragically wrong.

For the British right in Egypt is only the right of might. They have undoubtedly improved conditions since they entered Egypt, but that is beside the point. The brave manifesto of the Independent Labor Party speaks the conscience of England and the fact:

This policy of renewed suppression is due to the false belief that Great Britain has the moral right to occupy Egypt, although she has pledged on more than fifty separate occasions to terminate the occupation, and formally recognized her independent sovereignty in 1922.

The occupation of Egypt was originally due to strategic and financial reasons. It has no greater moral sanction than the German occupation of Belgium for strategic military purposes. The Egyptian people have as much right to govern themselves as any other nation. The occupation of Egypt by an alien power is the basic fact in the present situation which no subsequent reason of strategy or financial interest should obscure.

The Independent Labor Party, therefore, while unreservedly condemning the method of the recent political assassination, deplors the fact that the British Government should have made this crime the occasion for asserting new imperialistic claims which may virtually amount to the annexation of the Sudan and the appropriation of the water supplies from the Nile to the detriment of Egypt and to the advantage of the British cotton companies. . . .

Undoubtedly for the present England can have her way. She has the power, and the conscience of the world has not recovered from its overdose of rhetorical idealism in the days when statesmen fought the war with speeches. But do the Churchills and the Birkenheads never look ahead? They can hardly believe that little Britain, with her forty millions, can forever rule hundreds of millions of aliens thousands of miles across the sea. She has retained the devotion of the Australians, Canadians, and South Africans, but she no longer rules them, and could not if she would. Sir Auckland Geddes said the other day that England was grateful to America for teaching her a lesson in colonial administration; but she seems not to have learned it. As surely as revolt sundered the feeble American colonies from the mother country—even more surely, indeed—the dark peoples of the earth will some day throw off the Western yoke. It may last decades; it cannot last centuries. The end may come gradually and with friendship, or suddenly and in a bitter orgy of hate and bloodshed. Britain today is bringing closer the latter consummation. The East will not forget; it scores another large black mark against the West.

British liberals are demanding that England submit her case to the League. Some timidly suggest that she ask the League to grant her a mandate for the Sudan. That would, after what has passed, merely mean that the League lent England its moral cloak. The Independent Labor Party goes further; it urges that

the issue of control of the Sudan should be submitted to the League of Nations with the view of developing that country as a self-governing nation at the earliest possible moment. It calls for an immediate Anglo-Egyptian conference to complete the evacuation of Egypt and to arrange for the submission of the question of the Suez Canal to the League, not as an issue in respect to which the British claim legal or moral authority, but as a problem concerned with one of the international waterways of the world.

The Labor Government, in its brief and insecure stay in office, did not mount to that spirit. But until Western governments achieve such a vision they will keep their peoples on the edge of an abyss.

Politics and Fundamentals

CONGRESS has opened for a session of small things. Inhibited by the reigning interpretation of the election as a mandate to do as little as possible, it will doubtless confine itself to appropriation bills and plans for further reduction of taxation and for relief to the farmers. The measure of the temper of the victors lies in their apparent readiness to take orders from the newest Senator, Butler of Massachusetts, who is to snap the Presidential whip as occasion demands, just as he was the party spokesman in the campaign. The old and experienced Senators are to smile and take orders from the party boss in a senatorial chair alongside them. But even clearer evidence of the soreness and the pettiness of those now directing the Republican Party's fortunes lies in their ousting of Senators Brookhart, Ladd, Frazier, and La Follette from the party caucus these men rarely attended. It illustrates the smallness and inconsistency and also the blundering of those who control not only their party but the destinies of the country.

If further proof were needed of the lack of vision it is to be found in a recent editorial by George Harvey in the *Washington Post*. Since Colonel Harvey has been announced as the voice of the White House in the press even Samuel Gompers found it necessary to reply to this editorial at the convention of the American Federation of Labor. What is Colonel Harvey's thesis? It is this: In order that "we may continue with conservative government for as many years as we did after the Civil War" the farmer and the other rebels who voted for La Follette must be brought back into the Republican fold—the "fold of conservatism." "This," he declares, "must be done while the Labor Party is still young and the Liberal and Radical parties are dividing the opposition vote." And the means? Simple enough. "The immediate problem is to expand the tariff system so as to include in its benefits the major farm products." Then, later on, railway rates must be revised and money must be made stable, and then the millennium will be at hand and the Republican Party will govern uninterruptedly for twenty-four years as it did from 1861 to 1885—thus abolishing the two-party system and installing the one-party plan in its place. It was not against the political and economic absurdity of this plan that Mr. Gompers protested but at the incidental suggestion that wages might be reduced, and at the Harvey proposal that labor and the farmer should be divorced. Cynically frank, as usual, Colonel Harvey avows that his is purely a compromise plan—Unity Through Compromise is the title of his editorial. He would buy the farmers' interest by any sop; even though he was last winter of the opinion that the McNary-Haugen bill was all wrong, he is willing now to do violence to his feelings in order that business may rule us undisturbed.

All of which shows once more that it is politics we are facing again, and politics of a stupid and blundering sort, however clever it may seem superficially. The reason is that there is no search after fundamental issues, no determination to go into economic factors from the standpoint of principle, and no desire whatever to remove at the root the grievances which, Colonel Harvey admits, will persist even though prosperity returns for a time to the embattled farmers. His dreams of a Republican heaven as secure as that of the angels, unmenaced by Democrats or Laborites, is as unthinkable as it is undesirable. There can be no period

of complete public acquiescence, because the fight as to who shall control this government, the people or the privileged interests, will continue no matter how many the defeats. Here is a fundamental which will arise again and again to challenge the politics of sordid materialism that seeks to steal away men's rights and then to drug or frighten or cheat the robbed into acquiescence.

That's the trouble with fundamentals in this age-long battle with politics. They will rise up and hit back when you least expect it. As long as you have not gone to fundamentals and made them your own or intrenched yourself behind them they refuse to let you reign in peace. The royal house of Coolidge and Butler will no more reign unmolested than did the Kaiser. For one thing, rulers of this type are stupid—the punishment of the insurgents proves that. A Progressive Party with half the brains of the British Labor Party could, as the boys say, run circles around them in the legislative arena. For another thing, anybody may bid economic change stop, but it stops for no one. Already the Coolidge regime declares privately that the tariff must be revised again because of altered conditions abroad. And that tariff, we venture to predict, will continue to be in need of tinkering until it is altogether abolished, with all its crookedness, corruption, and privilege. For here is another fundamental, free trade, which can no more be definitely downed than any other attribute of freedom. It will continue to raise its head however crushed to earth. And that is only one of the economic issues which may affect the program of the victors in Washington. They cannot control these any more than they can tell where next there will be some convulsion of the earth to set all their plans a-gley. Unity by temporary compromise is a will-o'-the-wisp; unity by sound fundamental reform is the only worth-while aim.

The Mystery of Poe

MR. GEORGE MOORE is the latest of a whole line of foreign critics who have annoyed Americans by their persistent determination to regard Edgar Allan Poe as the one and only poet—perhaps the only artistic genius—which this country has produced. In his recently published "Conversations in Ebury Street," where Mr. Moore laid the plans for his "Anthology of Pure Poetry," no other American poet is so much as tentatively considered, but the author of *Ulalume* and *The Haunted Palace* is passed for admission into the select company which neither Longfellow nor Whittman nor Frost nor Robinson will be permitted to enter. Moreover, to make the matter worse, Walter de la Mare enthusiastically supports this choice and fears only that the anthology will have to be overcrowded with Poe.

Many times in the past American critics have protested against the tendency here exhibited. Emerson, as everybody knows, called Poe "the jingle man"; Henry James said that a liking for his verse was a sure sign of immature taste; and A. C. Brownell wrote a whole essay to prove that his entire work consisted of nothing except labored and obvious artifice. Foreign critics, however, have persisted in exalting the work of this man of whom many sophisticated Americans are inclined to be a little ashamed, connecting him only with elocutionary renderings of

... the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells.

... the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Sober critics like Edmund Gosse and Andrew Lang insist that he is "the greatest poet, perhaps the greatest literary genius of his country," and that "he must be ranked with the greatest poets," while enthusiasts like Baudelaire and Mallarmé exceed all bounds, the former solemnly praying to him as a saint and the latter calling him "a genius the most truly sublime the world has ever known." Evidently we are faced here with something more than an ordinary difference in literary taste. Below the surface of the shallow jingle which competent American judges dismiss with contempt certain men catch an undercurrent of meaning not perceptible to those who have no temperamental sympathy with Poe, and we are in the presence of a mystery which will never be fully solved until his personality is more carefully studied by someone capable of understanding the malady of the soul from which he suffered.

Even in America Poe has not failed of partisans but they have almost always been the wrong ones. Sentimental Virginians and facile admirers of the shallow trickeries of his verse have claimed him for their own while those who have caught some hint of his deeper and darker meaning have turned aside in distaste. Professor Woodberry, his keenest biographer, confessed to a friend that after finishing his book he was compelled to take a trip to Italy to get the taste of Poe out of his mouth. He thus proved that he had caught something of the flavor of his subject, but proved also that he was not the one to sympathize with the quality which makes Poe the first of the great neurotics of literature and the real inventor of the *frisson nouveau* attributed to Baudelaire—of that shiver whose source is not in melodrama but in a definite sickness of the soul. Unlike Baudelaire, Poe never clearly articulated the cry uttered by his nerves; he hinted here and there among the artificial fripperies of his work at the things which haunted him. When both the admirers and the condemners of his jingles are pushed aside there will be time to analyze and evaluate that peculiar flavor which left in Woodberry's mouth so unpleasant a taste and awoke the unbounded admiration of Baudelaire and Mallarmé. Indubitably all three caught the same flavor.

Yale Wins Again

GEORGE P. BAKER, for thirty-six years a teacher at Harvard, creator of the famous English 47 Workshop, has resigned to accept the directorship of a new department of dramatic arts at Yale. To the outsider, perhaps, the chief significance of this event will seem to lie in the fact that the million-dollar gift just made by Edward S. Harkness to Yale for the founding of such a department will assure Professor Baker all the equipment necessary to carry on his work, but the incident has another aspect. *The Nation* must express its sympathy with the Harvard *Crimson*, which has risen in editorial wrath against the Harvard authorities, whose persistent refusal to cooperate with this extraordinarily gifted man has forced him to go elsewhere.

Mr. Baker's resignation was naturally the occasion for an exchange of amenities between him and President Lowell, but these amenities cannot wipe out the fact that Harvard has persistently slighted a faithful and distinguished servant. Mr. Baker denies the report that there has been friction between him and his university, and President Lowell writes polite regrets in the course of which

he says, among other things, "We owe you a large debt of gratitude for all you have done for the university during a long service." That is true, and it is also true that no effort has been made to pay that debt, even to the extent of making it possible for him to do his best work. As the *Crimson* says: "For three decades he has fought for decent quarters and equipment for his work and not once has his cry been heeded by the authorities. It is at the feet of the latter Harvard should lay the blame for his loss." These undergraduate editors see more clearly than the men who plan their education.

The 47 Workshop, in which plays were written and produced by students, was Mr. Baker's own creation. He realized the necessity of studying dramatic technique in connection with the practical problems of production, and his method has been brilliantly justified by the fact that he has sent forth a score of students—including Edward Sheldon and Eugene O'Neill—to make living contributions to the theater. The fame of his class spread until it was the most celebrated academic course in America, yet when his bare quarters in Massachusetts Hall were burned Harvard failed even to assume proper custody of his papers and properties. Poverty has, of course, been the excuse, but the excuse, like the regret, is empty since Harvard has had no difficulty in raising funds for things it really wanted. While starving the Workshop it raised more than \$30,000,000, including its recent ten-million-dollar drive from which six millions were pledged to the business school but not a cent to the drama. This drive blocked the effort which Mr. Baker's friends wished to make to raise money for a college theater workshop, and thus he was given as plainly as possible to understand that though the Harvard officials were anxious to teach advertising and accounting they took no serious interest in the development of creative literature.

We do not doubt that the leaders in commerce need training, but business, so powerful and so rich, can look after its own, and the first duty of a university is surely its duty to the things of the spirit. If the colleges, theoretically devoted to the cultivation of those things which the busy world is likely not to find time for, relegate them to a bad second place, where shall they find refuge? If Harvard can get more money than it needs for the real work of a university it might perhaps conduct a school of business (though we are of those who believe such a school out of place at Harvard); if it is determined to put the requirements of such a school first it is betraying its trust and its tradition.

The incident has, in addition, its moral side. If Harvard wants to make itself "practical" in conformity with the spirit of a practical age, it may have the right to do so. But has it the right virtually to cast off a man who for thirty-six years has served it faithfully? It has decided too late that it has no need of Mr. Baker. His aims and aspirations have been long known; the university has accepted his labor and expressed its gratitude, but if it intended to do no more it should have made that fact clear to him long ago. To Harvard he gave the best efforts of his best years and Harvard, having accepted them, starved him into resignation. What, we wonder, would its teachers and business ethics have to say about such a procedure?

Meanwhile, Yale gains what Harvard has lost. There it wins a vaster prestige than all the athletic victories ever won in its bowl or Harvard's stadium.

The West—Tamed and Combed

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

DISILLUSIONMENT? In the language of the West, "You bet!" One expects change and some drift toward standardization, of course, as a young country gets older. But this last visit of mine to the Middle West and part of the Northwest startled me with its overwhelming evidences of conformity. No, I am not speaking politically, though I might; but of the outward aspects of people and places, social appearances generally. My memory goes back to a ride on the first train that ever crossed the continent from St. Paul and Minneapolis to the Pacific Ocean, so I have years of background. At least I can recall what the Twin Cities looked like a long time ago, also big and little towns, frontier hamlets in all their brutally coarse rawness. Often I have revisited the West since, but never have I noticed as much change as this time. Those who wish to have all America exactly alike, who would blot out every distinction and difference between States, towns, and sections may take heart. They are nearing the time when one may drop down into Kansas City in a Zeppelin out of an early morning fog and fancy oneself in Cleveland or Worcester or Buffalo, or even Newark and see nothing in outward appearances to dispel the illusion.

Yes, the West is growing old, and as it gets older it patterns more and more after the East—incredibly so. You arrive in Sioux Falls and a yellow taxi stands where once were tame bronchos hitched to a wagon, and the driver is, as elsewhere, guaranteed to be a safe escort to both men and women. You drive to the hotel, any hotel, and it is just a replica of some gilded fourteen-story rabbit warren near the Grand Central Station. It may be small or it may be big and expensive, but you know the pattern right off. The rooms are all of a type, the baths like every other, even down to the towels and the little pieces of soap in their paper wrappings. The hotel clerk is twin to him of Pershing Square, and the bell-boy—well, the bell-boy is as much a hold-up artist as though he had been born in a "lounge," suckled in a Pompeian Room, taught to walk in Peacock Alley, and made first to eat solids in an Egyptian cafeteria. Not a telegram will he deliver until his reward is forthcoming. The waiters wear dress-suits; the women—shades of Owen Wister's biscuit shooters!—wear neat black uniforms with white caps and aprons. Gone is the old-fashioned dinner with its innumerable bird-bath dishes; gone the frowzy, dirty waitress who stood at your elbow and mumbled off the grub-list in a Choctaw you could only begin to make out at the third trial. (The last living female of this deadly species I found in a Cortlandt, New York, caravansary the other day.)

Now these are hard things to put up with if your memory goes back to the time when every hotel was an American House or some such; when you lugged your own bag; when the bar opening into the lobby was the biggest thing in the hotel, and omnibus drivers and evil-looking hackmen were lords of the porticoed entrance; when you entered an ill-smelling room with grimy curtains, whose faded, dirty carpet with its huge, once-glaring, designs reminded you of the man at the old Brighton Beach Hotel who insisted that that hostelry's slogan, "Swept by Ocean Breezes," referred

only to the method of cleansing the bedrooms. And the stairs you once climbed and the men you met, loud-voiced, tobacco-spitting, broad-brimmed, pistol-toting (I once, for half an hour, watched two Chinamen in a San Francisco hotel cleaning up big pools of blood in a corridor where two gentlemen had just met and fought to their souls' content)! Yes, they had their hussies, too; and you were lucky if you did not draw a room next to a poker game that lasted until four a. m. Characters there were then in the hotel business itself, plenty of them, men who had added a bedroom or two, and then more, to a flimsy unpainted saloon until they became real "hotel-keepers." Sometimes the unexpected appeared among them. In Montana, in a two-story shack destitute of plaster, paper, or paint, I one day danced with the wife of the manager, a dainty French girl not long enough away from Paris to have gained a language and lost an accent in the Montana of thirty-five years ago; she was joyous, indeed, at meeting a boy who knew her Paris even if only from the conventional tourist angle. It was like finding a lily in the midst of sage-brush.

And now? Would you believe it? When I drove up in Omaha to a hotel with a promising but misleading Indian name, the man who opened the door was clad immaculately as an English groom with a tall hat and cockade, light corduroy breeches, and, if you please, the regulation top boots. In Omaha! I stood and stared. It is not so long ago, I recalled, that cowboys on this very street were shooting the heels off the boots of much less tempting freaks than that. Inside the doors and you were back in the thousand-roomed orchestraed, marble-columned, overornate monstrosity so familiar in New York. Yes, you could swear you were in the Astor or the Commodore, for the lounge had a great big motor-car in it and the parlors were full of other \$5,000 autos attended and explained by cultured, young gentlemen all in dinner coats and all as carefully groomed as a professional dancing partner. I can swear that not one chewed tobacco, and I am sure they had never seen an Indian or a cowboy and did not know the difference between a cinch and a pack-mule. I know they had never heard the click of a roulette-wheel, or ever seen the inside of a frontier saloon where men threw dice for drinks—and sometimes for lives that were held about as cheap.

So it was everywhere. The big and the small department stores have done their damndest. There are more oddly dressed persons in Bangor, Maine, than in Parsons, Kansas. I don't deny that the improvement in dress has been tremendous. There in Parsons, in the Main Street shops, are the very same styles for men and women that you see in New York. The buyers from Kansas City take the Berengaria and the Mauretania and come back from Paris on them as regularly as those from Lord & Taylor's. They all bring back the same things, and the buyers from Parsons have only a small ride on the "Katy" to get the bait for their shops. The men—well, they look like men everywhere and nary a pair of trousers tucked into rawhide boots among them. As for the girls, conformity has done its worst here—bobbed hair, little round hats, dresses just below the knees, pink hosiery, silly, open-work slippers, coats just like the ones you saw in Chicago, St. Paul, and

Lincoln. Individuality? Not a trace of it; it's decried and driven to cover as a disreputable wench, just as have been certain ladies of a certain type who once had their little shacks in plain view beyond the freight house across the railroad tracks. Paint, powder, and lip-sticks everywhere. Only the rouge is put on as if with a shovel. I stood on a university campus which shall be nameless and saw young girls dyed, marceled, painted, lip-sticked, "nude"-stockinged, and said to myself that Broadway must suddenly have moved West. They are as pure as gold, I've no doubt, but copy-cats of the worst kind, of the worst kind of thing, though they may not know it.

Gradually one sighs and sighs and suffers pain for the sight of something new. Everywhere the same automobiles, Packards, Buicks, Dodges, Chandlers, Chevrolets, yes, even a Rolls-Royce now and then, and miles and miles of Fords. All kinds and all varieties, all dirty, faded, and shabby. Once painted always painted seems the motto with all cars, and some girls. Same parking difficulties; same terrible crush on shopping afternoons. Not a town big enough for its cars in motion or waiting. Roads? Well, many superb ones, and many where a motor car "dies" ignobly in three minutes. Minnesota shines here with miles and miles of magnificent cement roads all used by motor buses, radiating in every direction. Some of their schedules call for seventy miles an hour, I was told, and I believed it after one ride where we surely hit sixty miles before we skidded dangerously and then slowed down. One huge bus I saw in the ditch—"steering-wheel broke, nobody hurt." They are broad, low-hung monsters; as they come at you they suggest nothing so much as monstrous bugs out of some dreadful nightmare, or some pterodactyl monster bent on swallowing you entire in the lifting of an eyelid. Indeed, automobiling conforms too. A friend drove me 340 miles in fourteen hours through the original Main Street (so proud signs at its gate announced) and beyond with perfect ease over prairies where little beside Concord coaches and the inevitable bronchos ventured when that first transcontinental railroad trip began. The "hitch-hiker" is there, too, and the red filling-pumps, and the tire signs, and all the rest. But no men on horses, not an Indian, not a man with "chaps."

In Kansas City I trembled, for the old station was gone and there stood the magnificent new one, a first cousin to the Pennsylvania Terminal. Had its air of modernity, its every aspect of the new rich, destroyed the life of what used to be the most interesting, swarming place in all America of Americans of all types? Yes. Almost. Harvey (Fred, not George) has a wonderful lunch-counter room there that beats anything in New York even to the looks of the waitresses. And next door is a room! Well, the waiters in their dress-suits, the perfection of the service, the curtains, the carpets, the prices, the decorations, the head-waiter were all as if bodily transplanted from the Ritz. That seemed the last straw. But then, as if to order, there came a bewhiskered farmer in his shirt-sleeves attending eagerly upon a crippled wife attired in a Mother-Hubbard and ensconced in a rolling-chair, a Mexican, a cowboy with the largest hat I think I ever saw, and an Indian, not in blanket and feather, but in "cits"—still in his profile and his color an aborigine. They saved the day and gave me just a reminiscence of the old thrill of the dusty, dirty, wooden "depot," where one used to meet more types and kinds of Americans in five minutes than anywhere else in years.

As for the city? But for its hills it is like Rochester or Indianapolis or Cleveland, full of bustling life and miles upon miles of shops crammed with second-hand autos for sale. The same movies, same taxis, same chain drug-stores, same soda-water and candy shops, same hotels, same marble-fronted banks, same prison-like Federal Reserve structure as in Minneapolis, Cleveland, and New York—(a new governmental infamy); same flappers, same hats and stockings, same well-dressed elderly women, same men, droves of them, middle-class business men bent on selling, selling, selling, selling—apparently never buying—and about to vote for "Cal" to save the country. Kansas City, come to this out of its shabby newness, its unpaved dirty streets, its gin palaces, its rows and rows of grimy wooden homes, yes, its sordidness! All of it once characteristic, once individual, once original, once distinctive—once, oh well—once it *was* Kansas City. Now it is any old place with many lovely new homes and buildings—the best American architecture lifting its head here and there, even in whole quarters. And a soldiers' monument going up which bids fair to be the noblest yet erected. "Kansas City, door-way to the West, Southwest, and Mexico, on the bluffs of the Missouri; most important railroad center and headquarters for wholesale buyers. Population, 350,000. . ."

How good, after all, those prairie towns were! Not to live in; no—the Connecticut hills first. But to see. And now Sauk Center, however small and dull, with "red-blooded h-men" is playing cards in a room where the bar and the rail still exist, but drinking soda. A living protest against the invasion of the East. Strange that Sinclair Lewis did not see in Main Street, already conforming within, a last desperate struggle outwardly to be a bulwark against the flood from the East. At Villard—Villard, Minnesota—once destined to be a metropolis and now still a hamlet beside two fine lakes—my heart jumped a bit. False fronts again! On the ladies? Or, dear *no*. On the houses. One-story shacks with a false second-story front, the plainest, openest, kindest fraud ever perpetrated, for you saw the fraud as you approached down the street and as you left it, if you looked back. Here the auto alone seemed to mark the lapse of years. The bombast has gone, the exaggerated visions of what each hamlet was to be and to become. Forty years ago they talked of empires to be won and untold riches to be garnered from the winning of the West. The dreams of wealth, of low prices, of an easy living wrung from virgin soil have faded away. Only in the cordial crispness of the language, the inevitable "you bet," the friendly welcome is there the constant proof that one *is* West. The flaming spirit of political and social progress flickers unevenly, at times all but extinguished, either by prosperity or because of isolation and lack of knowledge as to what is going on. And behind it all lurks leering—conformity.

One's mind leaps back forty years. There were few fronts that were not false in those little frontier towns which, many of them, were nothing but gambling hells and worse. Oh, but the *color* they had! The human variations! The real Sioux, in their own blankets and their own grime and grease, cowboys in numbers with Theodore Roosevelt among them to see the first trains go by. The gamblers, the vigilantes, the road-agents, the "good" and the "bad" women, the "respectable" shopkeepers, the blue uniformed troops—all, all have yielded, in this section at least, to conformity, the enemy of us all.

Forty years from now?

Where Are the Women Geniuses?

By SYLVIA KOPALD

MANY years ago Voltaire was initiated into the mysteries of Newton by Mme du Châtelet. Finishing her translation and her rich commentary upon the "Principles" in a glow he extended to her the greatest tribute which man has yet found for exceptional women. He said: "A woman who has translated and illuminated Newton is, in short, a very great man." Genius has long been a masculine characteristic, although some more generous authors admit its possession by certain "depraved" women. Only the courtesans of classical antiquity could be women and individuals at once, and, therefore, Jean Finot found it necessary to remind us emphatically even in 1913 that "women of genius and talent are not necessarily depraved." Not necessarily, mind you. No, the great woman may be, in short, a great man, but she is not necessarily depraved.

As the twentieth century progresses and women capture the outposts of individuality one after the other, the old questions lose much of their old malignancy. Women battle with the problem of how to combine a home and a career and men become less sure (especially in these days of high living costs) that woman's place is in the home. As women enter the trades and the arts and the professions, men begin to discover comrades where there were only girls and wives and mothers before. It is an exciting century, this women's century, and even though prejudices crumble slowly, they crumble. Yet one of the old questions remains, persistent and unyielding as ever: Where are the women geniuses?

Even a pessimist may find cause for rejoicing in this final wording of the "woman question." Man's search for the woman genius is more consoling than his sorrowful quest for the snows of yesteryear. For snows, like all beauty, have a way of melting with time; a mind ripens and mellows with age. Granted a mind which it is no longer a shame or a battle to develop, woman can look upon the passing of the years with at least as great an equanimity as does man. She remains in the picture of life long after the Maker's paints have begun to dry. And that is good. But as long as the female geniuses remain undiscovered, it must be also a bit insecure. Women may have minds—every average man will now grant that. But (he will quickly ask) have they ever much more than average minds? Look at history, which this time really does prove what you want it to. Every high peak in the historic landscape is masculine. Point them out just as they occur to you: Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Plato, Socrates, Newton, Darwin, Pasteur, Watt, Edison, Steinmetz, Heine, Shelley, Keats, Beethoven, Wagner, Bach, Tolstoi. . . .

Where are the *women* geniuses?

It has really become much more than a question of feminist conversation. Science has attempted to put its seal of approval upon the implied answer to this rhetorical question. It has sought to put the notion that a woman is only a woman but a genius is a man into impressively scientific lingo. The argument goes something like this: In regard to practically all anatomical, physiological, and

psychic characteristics the male exhibits a greater variability (i.e., a greater range of spreading down from and up above the average) than the female. The male is the agent of variation; the female is the agent of type conservation. This sex difference operates in the realm of mental ability as everywhere. In any comparable group of men and women, the distribution of intelligence will tend to follow the law of chances (Gaussian Curve). But female intelligence will cluster far more about its average than male. There will be more imbeciles and idiots among men, but there will also be more geniuses. It is really very simple, as the following arbitrary example will show. Supposing you take comparable sample groups of 1,000 men and 1,000 women from a given population. After testing them for grade of intelligence, you classify them according to previously accepted "intelligence classes." Your results would tend to read a little like this:

Intelligence Class	Number	Number
	Men	Women
Idiots	10	3
Inferior	100	50
Slow	200	150
Average	380	595
Able	200	150
Highly talented	100	52
Geniuses	10	..

Of course none of the proponents of this theory would state the alleged facts of man's greater variability in such bald terms. But all of them would agree that men do vary more than women and in some such fashion. In this greater variability they see the explanation of men's monopoly of genius.

According to Karl Pearson this "law of the greater variability of the male" was first stated by Darwin. Somewhat earlier, the anatomist Meckel had concluded that the female is more variable than the male. It is interesting to note in passing that he consequently judged "variation a sign of inferiority." By the time Burdach, Darwin, and others had declared the male more variable, however, variation had become an advantage and the basis and hope of all progress. Today great social significance is attached to the comparative variability of the sexes, especially in its application to the questions of sex differences in mental achievement. Probably the outstanding English-speaking supporters of the theory in its modern form have been Havelock Ellis and Dr. G. Stanley Hall. But even so cautious a student as Dr. E. L. Thorndike has granted it his guarded support. And Dr. James McKeen Cattell has explained the results of his study of 1,000 eminent characters of history by means of it. Indeed, many others hold the theory in one form or another—e.g., Münsterberg, Patrick. What is most important, of course, is that its supporters do not stop with the mere statement of the theory. They ascribe to it tremendous effects in the past and ask for it a large influence in the shaping of our policies in the present.

For Havelock Ellis the greater variability of the male

"has social and practical consequences of the widest significance. The whole of our human civilization would have been a different thing if in early zoological epochs the male had not acquired a greater variational tendency than the female" ("Man and Woman," p. 387). Professor Hall builds up upon it a scheme of gushingly paradisiacal (and properly boring) education for the adolescent girl, which "keeps the purely mental back" and develops the soul, the body, and the intuitions ("The Psychology of Adolescence," Vol. II, Chap. 17). Just because Professor Thorndike is so careful in his statements, his practical deductions from the theory are most interesting: "Thus the function of education for women, though not necessarily differentiated by the small differences in average capacity, is differentiated by the difference in range of ability. Not only the probability and desirability of marriage and the training of children as an essential feature of women's career but also the restriction of women to the mediocre grades of ability and achievement should be reckoned with by our educational system. The education of women for such professorships as administration, statesmanship, philosophy, or scientific research, where a few very gifted individuals are what society requires, is far less needed than education for such professions as nursing, teaching, medicine, or architecture, where the average level is essential. Elementary education is probably an even better investment for the community in the case of girls than in the case of boys; for almost all girls profit by it, whereas the extremely low-grade boy may not be up to his school education in zeal or capacity and the extremely high-grade boy may get on better without. So also with high-school education. On the other hand, post-graduate instruction to which women are flocking in great numbers is, at least in its higher reaches, a far more remunerative social investment in the case of men." (*Sex in Education*, Bookman, Vol. XXIII, April, 1906, p. 213.)

Before we begin the revision of our educational systems in accordance with this theory, we must make sure that it really explains away the "female geniuses." For although the theory is still widely held by biologists and psychologists, it requires only a short study to discover how tenuous is the evidence adduced in support of it—in all its phases, but especially in regard to mental traits. Darwin apparently gave no statistical evidence to support "the principle," as he called it, and those who have followed him have done little to fill the lack. Professor Hall offers evidence that is almost entirely empirical; Havelock Ellis has been attacked by Karl Pearson for doing much "to perpetuate some of the worst of the pseudo-scientific superstitions to which he [Ellis] refers, notably that of the greater variability of the male human being." Professor Thorndike, in spite of his conclusions, admits that it "is unfortunate that so little information is available for a study of sex differences in the variability of mental traits in the case of individuals over fifteen." And while the overwhelming majority of Professor Cattell's 1,000 eminent characters are men, he merely states without proving his explanation that "woman departs less from the normal than man."

Wise feminists today are concentrating their forces upon this theory. Women have won the right to an acknowledged mind; they want now the right to draw for genius and high talents in the "curve of chance." And this is no merely academic question. For while genius may

overcome the sternest physical barriers of environment, it is nourished and developed by tolerant expectancy. Men may accomplish anything, popular thought tells them, and so some men do. But if women are scientifically excluded from the popular expectation of big things, if their educations are toned down to preparation for "the average level," if motherhood remains the *only* respected career for *all* women, then the female geniuses will remain few and far between. And, more important still, all thinking women will continue restless over the problem of how to secure the chance to vary in interests and abilities from the average of their sex, and at the same time to be wives and mothers.

In this fight for a full chance to compete, woman may do one (or all) of three things. She may merely ignore the theory and go on "working and living," trusting that as environmental barriers fall one after the other this final question, too, will lose its meaning. She can point out in support of this attitude that the past does contain its female geniuses, however few; and certainly if all the barriers that have been set up against woman's entry into the larger world have not entirely stifled female genius we may at least look forward hopefully to a kinder future. Something of this attitude, of this demand for free experimentation, must make part of every woman's armor against the implications of this theory. But taken alone, it becomes more purely defensive than the status of the theory deserves. For it is really the theory that must defend itself. We may demand not only that it bring forward more affirmative evidence but also that it meet the contrary findings of such investigation as has been made. It must, finally, prove its title to *the cause* of the scarcity of female geniuses when so many other more eradicable causes may be at its bottom.

The actual evidence that has been gathered on this question is still uncertain and fragmentary. While it does not yet establish anything definitely, it points to rather surprising conclusions. In all cases investigated the discovered differences in variability have been very slight, and if they balance either way tend to prove a greater variability among women. Neither sex need have a monopoly of either imbeciles or geniuses, but women may yet be found to be slightly more favored with both!

The first painstaking investigation in this field was made by Dr. Karl Pearson, who published his interesting results as one essay in his "Chances of Death and Other Studies in Evolution" in 1897. Under the heading Variation in Man and Woman (Vol. I, pp. 256-377), written as a polemical attack upon Havelock Ellis's stand in this theory, he set forth results of measurements upon men and women in seventeen anatomical characteristics. He obtained his data from statistics already collected, from measurements of living men and women, and from post-mortem and archæological examinations. Female variability (coefficients of variation) proved greater in eleven of these seventeen characteristics, male in six. He concluded among other things that "there is . . . no evidence of greater male variability, but rather of a slightly greater female variability. Accordingly, the principle that man is more variable than woman must be put on one side as a pseudo-scientific superstition until it has been demonstrated in a more scientific manner than has hitherto been attempted."

To round out this evidence Drs. Leta Stetter Hollingworth and Helen Montague measured 20,000 infants at their birth

in the maternity wards of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. They sought to discover whether environmental influences played any determining role in producing the results obtained by Pearson from measurements upon adults. From the ten anatomical measurements made upon these babies they found that "in all cases the differences in variability are very slight. In only two cases does the percentile variation differ in the first decimal place. In these two cases the variability is once greater for males and once greater for females" (*The Comparative Variability of the Sexes at Birth, American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. XX, 1914-1915, pp. 335-370).

The findings on anatomical variability do not, of course, necessarily prove anything about differences in the range of mental ability. They do, however, suggest the probability of parallel results and such studies as have been made tend, on the whole, to bear this out. All the recent work in this field (and it is still fragmentary) seems to point at least to equal mental variability among men and women. In 1917 Terman and others in their "Stamford Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale for Measuring Intelligence" investigated this problem among school-children from five to fourteen years old. They obtained the intelligence quotients of 457 boys and 448 girls and compared these I.Q.'s with teachers' estimates and judgments of intelligence and work and with the age-grade distribution of the sexes for the ages of 7 to 14. After making all necessary qualifications they concluded that the tests revealed a small superiority in the intelligence of the girls that "probably rests upon a real superiority in intelligence, age for age." But "apart from the small superiority of the girls, the distribution of intelligence shows no significant differences in the sexes. The data offer no support to the widespread belief that girls group themselves more closely about the median or that extremes of intelligence are more common among boys" (p. 83).

Dr. Hollingworth, again, has made a study of mental differences for adults. She has summarized the results of recent studies in sex differences in mental variability and in tastes, perceptions, interests, etc. Her conclusions on this score are interesting: "(1) The greater variability of males in anatomical traits is not established, but is debated by authorities of perhaps equal competence. (2) But even if it were established, it would only suggest, not prove, that men are more variable in mental traits also. The empirical data at present available on this point are inadequate and contradictory, and if they point either way, actually indicate greater female variability. . . ." (*Variability as Related to Sex Differences in Achievement, American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. XIX, pp. 510-530, Jan., 1914).

It seems hardly safe scientifically, therefore, to restrict women to the average levels in education and work and profession on the ground that eminence is beyond their range. But if the female geniuses have not been cut off by a comparatively narrowed range of mental ability, where are they? Certainly history does not reveal them in anything like satisfactory number. And it is now that women may bring forward their third weapon of attack. The female geniuses *may* have been missing not because of an inherent lack in the make-up of the sex, but because of the oppressive, restrictive cultural conditions under which women have been forced to live.

The important role played by cultural conditions in the

cultural achievement of various nations and races has been noted with increasing emphasis by the newer schools of sociology and anthropology. No scholar can now defend unchallenged a thesis of "lower or higher races" by urging the achievements of any race as an index of its range of mental ability. Culture grows by its own laws and the high position of the white race may be as much a product of favorable circumstances as of exceptional innate capacities. Similarly the expression taken by the genius of various nations appears to vary strikingly. This is especially impressive in the realm of music. The Anglo-Saxon peoples are singularly lacking in great musical composers. Neither Britain nor America, nor indeed any of the Northern countries, has contributed one composer worthy of mention beside the Beethovens and Wagners and Chopins of this art. Indeed, the great names in music are generally of German, Latin, or Slavic origin. Yet no one thinks of urging this fact as evidence of an Anglo-Saxon failure of major creativeness. Instead, we point to achievements in other fields or at most attempt to explain this peculiar lack by some external causation. Similarly all our impatience with the unartistic approaches of the American people does not lead us to frame a theory of their lack of genius. There are many cultural factors to be considered first.

But as soon as we approach the problem of female genius, too many of us are apt to bring forward an entirely different kind of interpretation. We pass over the undoubted female geniuses lightly—granting Sappho and Bonheur and Brunn and George Eliot and Brontë and Mme Curie and Caroline Herschel and perhaps even Chaminade and Clara Schumann and several others. We admit the undoubtedly significant parts women are playing in modern literature. But the question always remains.

Yet in no national or racial group have cultural influences exercised so restrictive an influence as among the entire female sex. Not only has the larger world been closed to them, not only has popular opinion assumed that "no woman has it in her," but the bearing and rearing of children has carried with it in the past the inescapable drudgery of housework. And this is "a field," as Dr. Hollingworth points out, "where eminence is not possible."

It was Proudhon who sneered in response to a similar argument that "women could not even invent their distaff." But we now know enough about the laws of invention to realize how unfair such sneering is. Professor Franz Boas and his school have long demonstrated that cultural achievement and mental ability are not necessarily correlated. For material culture, once it begins, tends to grow by accumulation and diffusion. Each generation adds to the existing stock of knowledge, and as the stock grows the harvests necessarily become greater. Modern man need have no greater mental ability than the men of the ice ages to explain why his improvements upon the myriad machines and tools that are his yield so much larger a harvest than the Paleolithic hunters' improvements upon their few flint weapons and industrial processes. For, as Professor Ogburn has well shown (in "Social Change," Part III), all invention contains two elements—a growing cultural base and inventive genius to work with the materials it furnishes. The number of new inventions necessarily grows with the cultural base. Even 50 times 100 makes only 5,000, but 2 times 1,000,000 makes 2,000,000. Countless generations have added their share to the total material culture which is ours and which we in turn shall

hand down still more enriched and diversified to posterity.

It must be at once obvious that there has been no such cultural growth in housework. Housework has long remained an individualized, non-cumulative industry, where daughter learns from mother the old ways of doing things. The small improvements and ingenuities which most housewives devise seldom find their way into the whole stream of culture. Thus it is that the recent great inventions which are slowly revolutionizing this last stronghold of petty individualism have come from the man-made world. Workers in electricity could more easily devise the vacuum cleaner than the solitary housewife; the electric washer, parquet floors, the tin can, quantity production of stockings, wool, clothing, bread, butter, and all the other instruments that have really made possible women's emancipation have naturally come not from women's minds (any more than

from men's) but from the growth of culture and the minds that utilize that growth for further expansion.

Consequently, as women participate in the work of the world and win the right to acquire the results of past achievement in science and technique and art, we may expect their contributions to the social advance to appear in ever greater numbers. Until we give them this full chance to contribute, we have no right to explain the paucity of their gifts to society by inherent lacks. And that such a chance will render the old quest for female geniuses properly old-fashioned is an hypothesis at least as good as any other now current. They will be there, these women—the able and talented and geniuses—working side by side with men, not as “very great men” nor as necessarily “depraved” nor in any way unusual. They will be there as human beings and as women.

Man the Creator

By ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

“**A** HEN is no bird, a woman—no human,” says a Russian proverb. In this drastic formulation stands written the history of centuries. Woman's claim to “human”-ness was at times accepted with reservations, at other times it was boldly challenged, and even today when woman's legal, social, economic, and political disabilities have been largely removed woman's acceptance in society as man's equal remains dependent on a definition of the “equal.”

As in the case of the mental capacity of races, the question of woman's intellectual status was never judged on its merits. Rather, it was accepted as a practical social postulate, then rationalized into the likeness of an inductive conclusion. The problem seems so replete with temptations for special pleading that a thoroughly impartial attitude becomes well-nigh impossible. However, let us attempt it!

Is woman psychologically identical with man? or, if there is a difference, is it one of superiority and inferiority? And of what practical significance is this issue to society?

Two ways of approach are open: Subject men and women to psychological tests, or observe performance in life and, exercising due critical care, infer capacity.

Both methods have been tried. The first enjoys today a certain vogue: it is the method of science, of experimental psychology. Unfortunately, the findings of science in this field have to date resulted in precisely nothing. It was feasible to assume that woman was man's equal in elementary sensory capacity, in memory, types and varieties of associations, attention, sensitiveness to pain, heat, and cold, etc.. Experimental psychology has confirmed these assumptions. But what of it? What can we make of it? Precisely nothing. What we are interested in is whether woman can think “as logically” as man, whether she is more intuitive, more emotional, less imaginative, more practical, less honest, more sensitive, a better judge of human nature. These, among many other interesting issues, cannot even be broached by experimental psychology “within the present state of our knowledge.”

Remains the second method, to observe performance and infer capacity.

To examine in this fashion all the issues involved

would require a small library. I select only one, creativeness. Is woman man's equal in creativeness? The choice is justified by the highly controversial character of the issue as well as its practical bearings.

Two periods in the history of civilization lend themselves well for our purpose, the primitive and the modern.

The primitive world was not innocent of discrimination against woman. In social and political leadership, in the ownership and disposition of property, in religion and ceremonialism, woman was subjected to more or less drastic restrictions. It would, therefore, be obviously unfair to expect her creativeness in these fields to have equaled or even approximated that of man. Not so in industry and art, where division of labor prevailed, but no sex disability. As one surveys the technical and artistic pursuits of primitive tribes, woman's participation is everywhere in evidence. The baskets of California, the painted pots of the Pueblos, the beaded embroideries of the Plains, the famous Chilkat blankets, the tapa cloth of Polynesia, all of these were woman's handiwork. Almost everywhere she plans and cuts and sews and decorates the garments worn by women as well as men. Also, in all primitive communities she gathers the wild products of vegetation and transforms them into palatable foods. More than this, in societies that know not the plow woman is, with few exceptions, the agriculturist. It follows that the observations, skills, techniques, and inventions involved in these pursuits must also be credited to woman.

It will be conceded that in primitive society woman's record is impressive: wherever she is permitted to apply her creativeness she makes good, and the excellence of her achievement is equal to that of man, certainly not conspicuously inferior to his.

In evaluating these findings, however, it is important to take cognizance of the submergence of individual initiative by the tribal pattern, a feature characteristic of primitive life. This applies to men and women, to artisans and artists. Imaginative flights being cut short by traditional norms, the individualism and subjectivism of modern art are here conspicuous by their absence.

How does this record compare with a survey of the modern period?

Here again woman's disabilities in the social, political, and religious realms were so marked that creative participation was impossible. The same is true of architecture. Then come philosophy, mathematics, science, and sculpture, painting, literature, music, and the drama. In philosophy and mathematics there is no woman in the ranks of supreme excellence. Even Sonya Kovalesky, though a talent, was not a great mathematician. In science also, where women have done fine things, none are found among the brightest luminaries. It must be added, moreover, that the few women who have made their mark in the scientific field, notably Mme Curie, have done so in the laboratory, not in the more abstract and imaginative domain of theoretical science.

At this point some may protest that the period during which women have had a chance to test their talents in philosophy, mathematics, and science was too short, their number too small, and that here once more performance cannot fairly be used as a measure of possible achievement. We must heed this protest.

As to sculpture, painting, literature, music, and the drama, I claim that woman's protracted disabilities cannot in any way be held accountable for whatever her performance may be found to be. Women artists, musicians, writers, and, of course, actresses have been with us for a long time. Their number is large and on the increase. Whether married or single, they devote their energies to these pursuits quite unhampered by social taboos. There are in this field no taboos against women. In the United States, in fact, these occupations are held to be more suitable for women than for men.

But what do we find?

In painting and sculpture no women among the best, although considerable numbers among the second best and below. There is no woman Rodin or Meunier or Klinger or Renoir or Picasso.

In literature the case for woman stands better. Here women have performed wonderfully, both in poetry and prose. If they have fallen short, it is only of supreme achievement.¹

Finally we come to music and the stage. The case of music is admirably suited for our purpose, is really a perfect test case. What do we find? As performers, where minor creativeness suffices, women have equaled the best among men. As composers, where creativeness of the highest order is essential, they have failed. We have a Carreño or Novaes to match Hofmann or Levitzki, a Melba or Sembrich to match a Caruso or de Reszke, a Morini or Powell or Parlow to match a Heifetz or Elman or Kreisler; but there is no woman to match a Beethoven or Wagner or Strauss or Mahler or Stravinsky or Rachmaninoff—a composer-performer.

The situation in drama is almost equally illuminating.

¹ We need not mention a Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, or Milton. Perhaps these are too far back. Not so Tolstoi, Dostoevski, Turgenev, Goethe, Heine, Balzac, Maupassant, the Goncourts, Flaubert, Byron, Browning, Shelley, Emerson, Walt Whitman. Where are their equals among women? And coming down to the modern period, when literature is flooded with feminine figures, is there one who can be placed beside Anatole France or d'Annunzio or Proust or Gorki or even Bernard Shaw (not to mention Ibsen)? The feminine names that might be cited in comparison are obvious enough, but would any of them measure up to these—quite? However, let me mention Katherine Mansfield, Edith Wharton, Edna St. Vincent Millay. And I may add Sheila Kaye-Smith, Willa Cather, Selma Lagerlöf, and Marguerite Audou.

I realize, of course, that such comparisons, except in a most sweeping statement, are invidious. A better picture could be obtained by juxtaposing, one to one, writers of similar type and literary form—but this is a task for a volume.

Here women have reached the top, have done it so frequently and persistently, in fact, as to challenge men, some think successfully so. But as dramatic writers the few women who tried have never succeeded to rise above moderate excellence. A Rachel or Duse can hold her own against a Possart or Orlényev, a Bernhardt looms as high as an Irving, Booth, or Salvini; but there is no woman to compare with a Molière or Ostrovski or Rostand or Hauptmann or Chekhov or Kapek.

If now we glance once more at the primitive record the conclusion suggested by an analysis of music and the drama is greatly reinforced. In primitive society woman, whenever opportunity was given her, equaled man in creativeness; in modern society she has uniformly failed in the highest ranges. The results are not incompatible. As indicated before, in early days cultural conditions precluded the exercise of creativeness on the part of the individual except on a minor scale, in modern society major creativeness is possible and has been realized. Woman's creative achievement reaches the top when the top is relatively low; when the top itself rises, she falls behind.

To analyze this fact further is no easy task. We may not assume, as some do, that the difference between major and minor creativeness lies in degrees of rationality. This is certainly erroneous. The true creator is what he is not because of his rationality but because of what he does with it. The differentia, as I see them, are two: boldness of imagination and tremendous concentration on self. The creator, when he creates, is spiritually alone; he dominates his material by drawing it into the self and he permits his imagination, for once torn off the moorings of tradition and precedent, to indulge in flights of gigantic sweep. Imagination and personality exalted to the *n*th power—not rationality—are the marks of the highest creativeness.

In the possession of these traits, then, as here understood, woman is somehow restricted. She has them, of course, and exercises them, but not on the very highest level.

We might stop right here, but it is hard to suppress at least a tentative interpretation.

If the personality-imagination complex is where woman fails at the top, then it becomes a priori probable that this difference between man and woman constitutes a remote sex characteristic. And if this is so, then it may prove worth our while to look for a corresponding difference on a level more directly connected with sex life. No sooner is this done than a difference does indeed appear, and it meets our expectations, for it lies in the direction of personality or self-concentration as well as of imagination. Woman is never so much "a part of" as when she loves, man never so "whole"; her self dissolves, his crystallizes. Also, woman's love is less imaginative than man's: man is more like what woman's love makes him out to be than woman is like what man's love makes her out to be. Relatively speaking, his love is romantic, hers realistic.

This difference in the diagnostic features of man's love and woman's love confirms our suspicion that the discrepancy in performance, where the personality-imagination complex is involved, constitutes a remote sex characteristic.

We must now turn once more to woman's achievement in the different fields of cultural creativeness, for the variation in the degree of excellence reached by her provides a

valuable clue as to where her strength lies. In an ascending series of woman's achievements musical composition is at the bottom of the list, then come sculpture and painting, then literature (with a strange drop in dramatic writing), then instrumental and vocal performance; acting, finally, heads the list.

This order is most illuminating. The relative excellence of woman's achievement is seen to rise with the concreteness of the task and the prominence of the technical and human elements. Creativeness is more abstract in music than in the plastic and graphic arts, more abstract in these than in literature; and in each case woman's relative achievement increases as abstractness decreases. Even the peculiar drop in dramatic writing when compared with other forms of literature is explicable in terms of a more abstract sort of creativeness required by the formal elements of dramatic art. Again, the high position in the list of musical performers and actresses must in part be ascribed to the importance of the technical element in these arts. The preeminence of the musical performers is probably entirely due to this factor, although the intrusion of the human element (performing for an audience) may also have a share in the result.

In the case of acting the human element is the most important factor, for here there is not only an audience to act to but the human content of the acting itself. The human orientation also accounts for the relatively high position of literature in the list when compared to sculpture and painting and to musical composition. Finally, the creativeness of musical performance and acting—two fields in which woman excels—is concrete when compared to that of literature, the arts, and musical composition. Incidentally, a sidelight is thus thrown on the case of science, where woman's relative preeminence is found in the concrete and technical domain of the laboratory.

The preceding analysis leads to the conclusion that woman's strength lies in the concrete as contrasted with the abstract, the technical as contrasted with the ideational, the human as contrasted with the universal and detached. This conclusion, it may be of interest to note, harmonizes perfectly with the general consensus of mankind, as expressed in lay opinion and the judgments of literary men.

To summarize: In all fields of cultural activity opened to her, woman has shown creative ability, but since cultural conditions have made major creativeness possible, she has failed, in comparison with man, in the highest ranges of abstract creativeness. On the other hand, woman has shown in her psychic disposition affinities for the concrete, the technical and the human.

Before closing, these findings may be utilized for a prognostication of woman's activities in the immediate and more remote future.

The present tendency toward equalizing the cultural opportunities of man and woman will no doubt persist. Thus the range of woman's cultural contributions will expand and the excellence of her creative achievement will rise, especially in the fields in which she has so far had but little chance to try her hand. It is to be expected, however, that in the highest ranges of abstract creativeness, in philosophy, science, art, music, and perhaps literature, she will fail as she has hitherto failed to equal man. Her concrete-mindedness will ever continue to provide a useful counterpoise to the more imaginative and abstract leanings of her male companion. Her technical talents will shine

more brilliantly in a world in which the crafts will again occupy the prominent place which was theirs once before. But her unique contributions will come in the range of the human element.

In this respect, woman's principal affinity is calculated to bear its choicest fruits in a world better than the one we live in. When formalism recedes from the field of education, as indeed it has already begun to do, and gives room for more individual and psychologically refined processes, woman's share in education will grow in scope and creativeness. When the family has left behind the agonies of its present readjustments, the reconstruction of a freer and happier family life will largely rest on the shoulders of woman. When prisons will be turned into hospitals and criminals will be treated as patients, woman's sensitiveness, insight, and tact will bring her leadership in this field. When a return of leisure and the reduction of economic pressure will permit a revival of the more intimate forms of social intercourse, woman's social talents will find new fields to conquer. When the world of nations will sheathe its sword forever—an event toward the realization of which woman will probably contribute more than man—woman, to whom nothing human is foreign, will at last be free to show the world what she can accomplish as the mother of the family of man.

Acquiescence

By IRWIN EDMAN

It matters not how piteously you plead,
Your voice is but a silence in my ears;
Sighs move me not. I am too straight a reed
For storms; I am not teachable by tears.
Your bitterness may sting me into pain,
And I may wince at every searing word;
You do not, therefore, make me see less plain;
Nor does your anger make you less absurd.
Scorn, rage, all the hot cruelties you have said
I have withstood. But how can I withstand
The hopeless little drooping of your head,
The helpless little lifting of your hand?
By these a lock is turned, and a bolt slips,
And acquiescence leaps across my lips.

Sustenance

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

The cherries darken up in the tree,
The flower of the bee-balm waxes red;
The sun was a little blind fish in the sea:
The white-bellied fog is fed.

A wind straddles the cherry-bough,
The scent is gone from the mint's gray bed.
And now the fire-fly comes, and now
He rises, with his lantern fed.

Beyond black walls lie cherry and mint.
The longest day of the year is dead.
My mind gnaws on a sky of flint,
And so is fed.

National Village Notelets

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter).

By WILLIAM HARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The President will now assume leadership of his party. He regards himself as having a mandate from the people.

Nicholas Longworth will now assume leadership of the House of Representatives. In the last session he did not have a mandate from the people, since the people in his district did not know that he was going to be Republican floor-leader. Now, having been floor-leader, and having gone back to his district for reelection, and having got reelected, he regards himself as having a mandate.

Senator Curtis of Kansas will assume leadership of the Senate. He has been Republican "whip," or sub-leader, and now he has been promoted to be leader in succession to Henry Cabot Lodge. He says that leadership is a good thing and that he will try to produce it.

Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis will again try to lead the Supreme Court. It is not known that the other seven justices will respond to this leadership.

Mr. Bascom Slemp, political secretary to the President, and Mr. Judson Welliver, literary secretary to the President, and Mr. Edward Clark, personal secretary to the President, are reported as being ready to follow the President's leadership.

Members of the Shipping Board are reported to be ready to follow the President's leadership on all matters except the appropriation for the Shipping Board. They think the appropriation should be larger.

Members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, having refused to reduce freight rates on agricultural products while the President was saying and while the Republican Party was saying that freight rates on agricultural products should be reduced, were non-committal today on the subject of leadership.

Seven delegations from rotary clubs visited the White House today and urged the President to assume leadership. Their spokesman said: "We believe in the Constitution and we think that anything the President says the Congress ought to do."

Senator Couzens of Michigan, on being asked whether or not he would follow the leadership of Senator Curtis in the Senate, is erroneously quoted as having responded: "Sure! The President will say it to Senator Curtis and then Senator Curtis will say it to me and then I will do it. That is all there is of it. What we have always needed is simplification in government, and this is it."

Senator Capper of Kansas, having got a larger majority for himself in Kansas than was given to the President, said, it is said: "I will follow the leadership of the President and of the people."

Later it was said that he did not say it.

Representative A. Pitt Andrew of Massachusetts, having got in bad with the Administration for opposing administration ideas, and having got in bad with the radicals for opposing radical ideas, and having been denounced by all the administration newspapers, and having been denounced by the American Federation of Labor and by the La Follette national congressional organization, and having gone to the polls to get reelected, and having been reelected

without anybody's daring to run against him, said: "Since everybody is against me, and since I am here, I will, of course, do anything that anybody says."

President Coolidge, it is now discovered, has not said that he will tell Senator Hiram Johnson of California what to do. Friends of the Constitution are said to be greatly disappointed in President Coolidge. They think he ought to tell Senator Johnson what to do and make him do it.

The President is said to have asked Frank W. Stearns of Boston how to make Senator Johnson of California do what he tells him to do if Senator Johnson does not want to do it. Mr. Stearns is said to have told the President to consult some of the editorial writers who write editorials demanding leadership and action in Washington.

The President refused to comment on the rumor that a Senator had been found who would follow the leadership of somebody. The President then proceeded to continue to refuse to comment upon the subject of leadership at all.

A member of the Cabinet was seen talking with a member of the House of Representatives. This is thought to indicate a new close harmony between the executive branch and the legislative branch.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon is reported to believe that the Government should take a temperate attitude toward business.

The Federal Trade Commission continued yesterday to press its efforts to prevent the Mellon Aluminum Company of America from continuing to practice its alleged unfair methods of competition and of monopoly.

When asked if the Federal Trade Commission would accept the leadership of the Treasury Department or if the Treasury Department would accept the leadership of the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Trade Commission and the Treasury Department replied that the problem would perhaps be referred to Colonel H. C. Smither, chief coordinator of the Bureau of the Budget.

Several correspondents, who had sent out dispatches about leadership, have now sent out dispatches saying that we can never have leadership in Washington as long as there are so many people here. The only way to have leadership, these correspondents now say, is to have President Coolidge and Representative Longworth and Senator Curtis and Mr. Justice Brandeis here and have all the others send in their proxies.

The trouble with Washington, these correspondents now say, is too many individual personalities and too many individual convictions.

President Coolidge, Representative Longworth, Senator Curtis, and Mr. Justice Brandeis, having conferred, announce that among them they had found three convictions too many.

All is as quiet and composed as usual along the Potomac.

On fifteenth thought the correspondents have decided that nobody is going to boss Washington. One man scooped them on this discovery. The President, it is now learned, never did say that he hoped that even the Interstate Commerce Commission, which he appoints, would do what he wants. The President, it is thought, will take what leadership he can and will not attempt what leadership he can't. His problem is to be sensible and only a President, while the rotarians must be led to think that he is crazy and a monarch.

Some correspondents think that Calvin Coolidge can get away with even this.

The Wind and the Whirlwind

By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

These stanzas are part of a poem by Egypt's one staunch friend in England, written in 1883 after the bombardment of Alexandria by the British and the arrest of Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian nationalist leader. We reprint them on account of their immediate and tragic bearing on events in Egypt today. Blunt died in 1922.

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?

I have a cause to plead. But to what ears?
How shall I move a world by lamentation,
A world which heeded not a nation's tears?

How shall I speak of justice to the aggressors,
Of right to Kings whose rights include all wrong,
Of truth to Statecraft, true but in deceiving,
Of peace to Prelates, pity to the Strong?

Where shall I find a hearing? In high places?
The voice of havoc drowns the voice of good.
On the throne's steps? The elders of the nation
Rise in their ranks and call aloud for blood.

Where? In the street? Alas for the world's reason!
Not Peers, not Priests alone this deed have done.
The clothes of those high Hebrews stoning Stephen
Were held by all of us—aye, every one.

Yet none the less I speak. Nay, here by Heaven
This task at least a poet best may do,
To stand alone against the mighty many
To force a hearing for the weak and few.

Unthanked, unhonored—yet a task of glory,
Not in his day, but in an age more wise,
When those poor Chancellors have found their portion
And lie forgotten in their dust of lies.

And who shall say that this year's cause of freedom
Lost on the Nile has not as worthy proved
Of poet's hymning as the cause which Milton
Sang in his blindness or which Dante loved? . . .

* * * * *

I have a thing to say. But how to say it?
How shall I tell the mustery of guile,
The fraud that fought, the treason that disbanded,
The gold that slew the children of the Nile?

The ways of violence are hard to reckon,
And men of right grow feeble in their will,
And Virtue of her sons has been forsaken,
And men of peace have turned aside to kill.

How shall I speak of them, the priests of Baal,
The men who sowed the wind for their ill ends!
The reapers of the whirlwind in that harvest
Were all my countrymen, were some my friends.

Friends, countrymen, and lovers of fair freedom,
Souls to whom still my soul laments and cries!
I would not tell the shame of your false dealings,
Save for the blood which clamors to the skies.

A curse on Statecraft, not on you, my Country!

The men you slew were not more foully slain
Than was your honor at their hands you trusted.
They died, you conquered—both alike in vain.

Crimes find accomplices, and Murder weapons.
The ways of Statesmen are an easy road.
All swords are theirs, the noblest with the neediest.
And those who serve them best are men of good. . . .

* * * * *

I have a thing to say. Oh how to say it!
One summer morning at the hour of prayer,
And in the face of Man and Man's high Maker,
The thunder of their cannon rent the air.

The flames of death were on you and destruction.
A hail of iron on your heads they poured.
You fought, you fell, you died until the sunset;
And then you fled forsaken of the Lord.

I care not if you fled. What men call courage
Is the least noble thing of which they boast.
Their victors always are great men of valor.
Find me the valor of the beaten host!

It may be you were cowards. Let them prove it—
What matter? Were you women in the fight,
Your courage were the greater that a moment
You steeled your weakness in the cause of right.

Oh I would rather fly with the first craven
Who flung his arms away in your good cause,
Than head the hottest charge by England vaunted
In all the record of her unjust wars!

Poor sheep! They scattered you. Poor slaves! They bowed you.
You prayed for your dear lives with your mute hands.
They answered you with laughter and with shouting,
And slew you in your thousands on the sands. . . .

* * * * *

Oh insolence of strength! Oh boast of wisdom!
Oh poverty in all things truly wise!
Thinkest thou, England, God can be outwitted
Forever thus by him who sells and buys?

Thou sellest the sad nations to their ruin.
What hast thou bought? The child within the womb,
The son of him thou slayest to thy hurting,
Shall answer thee, "An Empire for thy tomb."

Thou wentest to this Egypt for thy pleasure.
Thou shalt remain with her for thy sore pain.
Thou hast possessed her beauty. Thou wouldst leave her.
Nay. Thou shalt lie with her as thou hast lain.

She shall bring shame upon thy face with all men.
 She shall disease thee with her grief and fear.
 Thou shalt grow sick and feeble in her ruin.
 Thou shalt repay her to the last sad tear.

Her kindred shall surround thee with strange clamors,
 Dogging thy steps till thou shalt loathe their din.
 The friends thou hast deceived shall watch in anger.
 Thy children shall upbraid thee with thy sin.

All shall be counted thee a crime—thy patience
 With thy impatience. Thy best thought shall wound.
 Thou shalt grow weary of thy work thus fashioned,
 And walk in fear with eyes upon the ground. . . .

And thou too, Egypt, mourner of the nations,
 Though thou hast died today in all men's sight,
 And though upon thy cross with thieves thou hangest,
 Yet shall thy wrong be justified in right.

'Twas meet one man should die for the whole people.
 Thou wert the victim chosen to retrieve
 The sorrows of the Earth with full deliverance.
 And, as thou diest, these shall surely live.

Thy prophets have been scattered through the cities.
 The seed of martyrdom thy sons have sown
 Shall make of thee a glory and a witness
 In all men's hearts held captive with thine own.

Thou shalt not be forsaken in thy children.
 Thy righteous blood shall fructify the Earth.
 The virtuous of all lands shall be thy kindred,
 And death shall be to thee a better birth.

Therefore I do not grieve. Oh hear me, Egypt!
 Even in death thou art not wholly dead.
 And hear me, England! Nay. Thou needs must hear me.
 I had a thing to say. And it is said.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter saw her first as she walked deliberately through the crowded railway station by which he had just entered Manhattan. Her gray fur coat was grimy with the dust of countless city streets and her white neck was shadowed with the same dingy stain. But dignity was in every movement of the lithe body that found its way so easily through the tangled mass of human beings. As she passed the Drifter he looked into her eyes—and knew somehow that he had come face to face with reality. They were calm and wise—unjudging, and very tired. And because wisdom had come to her through sorrows they were old eyes—too old for the graceful figure that slipped through the crowd and vanished into the street.

* * * * *

A FEW mornings later the Drifter took a turn along a parkway. A gray figure walked there, too, close to the fence. Her pace was steady, unhurried, but at intervals she looked back. The Drifter followed her glance. At a distance came a large well-groomed police dog. Obviously

he was very young and very excited. His tail was up, his step was eager. Every movement said: "Isn't this great? A cat so early in the morning. I'll catch her too. I always get everything I want." The Drifter wanted to box the dog's ears, but what could he do? He caught a glimpse of the gray cat's eyes. There was no fright in them—she was simply bored, tragically bored. He watched. The dog was gaining a bit. The cat turned a corner and her pursuer followed. They both disappeared.

* * * * *

THE Manhattan Cat. Who has not seen her? Like a gray shadow she moves over the face of the city—and disillusionment is in her eyes. She may be black, she may be white, she may be black and white; but always there is that indefinable grayness about her that distinguishes her from other cats. In every doorway she lurks—and woe to the youth who looks into her sad green eyes overlong. Where does she live? The Drifter couldn't tell. He has seen the little gamin sparrows visiting their nests on the shoulders of the saints in Trinity churchyard; he has never seen the Manhattan Cat except on the move. He did see two bedraggled and frightened kittens under a stairway on Brooklyn Bridge the other day, but that is all.

* * * * *

PERHAPS there's a cats' heaven, where the streets are paved with eiderdown and the only dogs are toy dogs; where the gutters run with milk and birds are sometimes, not too often, caught. But the Drifter fears the City Cat wouldn't like it. Three kittens were offered homes in the bosom of a refined family. All the comforts were theirs for the taking. But milk-fed cleanliness was not to their liking, and soft carpets were irksome to the pavement-hardened feet of their inheritance. One by one they disappeared into the streets of their forefathers, there to live, to suffer, and to learn in the heart-breaking, dream-taking struggle of the streets. And not one of them ever returned. For cats, like human beings, prefer hell on earth to heaven out of it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Be Honest to the South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a significant article in the *American Mercury* for October called *The Dilemma of the Negro* by that eloquent and admirable writer, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. The whole is a careful study of educational problems for the Negro, and it contains a strong plea for Atlanta University, which he says is starving today. "Despite its great record, it has not half the income it needs; its teachers are wretchedly underpaid; its equipment is painfully inadequate." I can vouch for the needs of Atlanta University and for the beautiful spirit of faith and hope and loving service that is shown by the members of the faculty, both black and white.

The South is fond of saying it understands the Negro best. It has even the impertinence to proclaim that it treats him best! It makes an insincere pretense of desiring the betterment of the race—insincere because it vents its spleen upon those white men and women who really try to lift it up. It amazed me to find that the most delightful white men and women were entirely ostracized for giving their lives to teach the Negroes. One woman professor at Atlanta University is the daughter of a former president of a well-known Wisconsin college, yet she is nevertheless completely ignored by white

Atlanta, even her own friends coming down from the North falling into line with the local policy of neglect.

And speaking of visitors from the North, I want to protest against the silence of those who loathe Southern injustice and yet are afraid to speak and give offense. It is not considered good form to utter one's opinion on the Negro question, as if it could really be a purely local question, one in which the North is not just as much interested as the South. Thus the few liberals of the South (and they are growing) receive no support from the liberals of the North. They have begged me to pass on the word to speak out, to utter one's scorn. Let us no longer toady to Southern opinion, saying: "It is a bigger problem than we of the North thought." "If we lived here we also would act as you do." When we learn that taxes are taken from the Negro and little given in return, let us cease being polite and call it plain dishonesty as it deserves. When we learn that \$9.64 is spent in the education of a white boy and \$1.74 for a black boy, don't let them tell you they are doing their best to educate the Negro. If the South wished to educate its Negroes, surely it would not dishonor the white teachers who are endeavoring to accomplish it.

No, the next time you go South, leave your politeness at home. Tell the truth.

New York, October 30

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

Library Censorship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Were you born in this country?" "Why did you come here?"

Thus spake Mr. John H. Leete, the director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, simply because I contributed to the library a book dealing with a vital phase of American history. The book was John Kenneth Turner's remarkable and most accurate study of America's part in the late war, "Shall It Be Again?" The director refused to place this book on the shelves for general circulation. He told me by letters and by a personal interview that this book was anti-American—insidiously anti-American—and that no true American would desire to see it circulated.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh is controlled by a ruthless czar; he is the director, who is appointed by a board of trustees, among them Andrew Mellon, foremost Pittsburgh citizen (on the income-tax returns) and Secretary of the United States Treasury. The director has the final word on all books, magazines, and newspapers that are to enter the library.

After experimenting thus far, I decided to go further. I sent the library three more books, which, I wrote the director, I would be glad to contribute if he would place them on the shelves for general circulation. These books were Scott Nearing's "The American Empire," Upton Sinclair's "The Goose-Step," and ex-Senator Pettigrew's "Imperial Washington." A few days later I received an acknowledgment and thanks for my contribution, but do you think they were ever placed on the shelves for general circulation? No!

Pittsburgh, October 26

BENJAMIN P. CHASS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I appreciate your courtesy in allowing me to see the article criticizing the policy of the Carnegie Library. As typical of many points in which the article falls short of the truth, let me say that the opening conversation, in order correctly to represent the facts, should be prefaced by statements of your correspondent to the effect: America is all wrong. Her government is altogether corrupt and her public men are all crooks and grafters. It was only then that as a matter of curiosity I asked the question "Were you born in this country?" and obtained the answer that the young man was of Russian birth. Again, to be fair, the article should state explicitly that the

books were accepted for reference use, which would make them always available for all readers of maturity.

Yes, there is a distinct difference of opinion between your correspondent and the writer as to the policy which should be pursued by a public library. We do contend that a public library is not only justified in limiting the circulation of certain material to people of maturity of judgment and with sufficient knowledge of the facts in question to enable them to discriminate between true and just charges and unfair and malicious slander, but is obligated to adopt such a policy. While we would not and do not debar from our shelves any material representing the viewpoint of any individual or group of individuals, we do believe that we should not circulate indiscriminately among young and immature minds unproved or false assertions and accusations calculated to defame character and to subvert government and good order. We believe that public funds should not be devoted to such a purpose.

May I call your attention to the fact, also, that every editor and publisher uses discretionary power as to the material he shall circulate and, in that sense, exercises the same right (censorship?) as that claimed for the library? To say that the library shall circulate without question anything that finds its way into print simply makes the publisher the judge rather than the public library.

Pittsburgh, November 24

JOHN H. LEETE,

Director, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh

Adrienne Toner, Saint

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received a copy of *The Nation* containing an exceedingly interesting and brilliant review of my novel "The Little French Girl." It would ill become a writer to enter into any controversy as to an interpretation of her work, yet may I be allowed—in regard to an earlier novel—one protest?

"Adrienne Toner" is in no sense the story of "the grooming of an American girl into ladyhood." I see Adrienne as no more, or less, of a lady at the end than at the beginning of the book. Her development takes place in quite another category, for it is as a saint that I see her ending, and her story is the story of a saint.

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Far End, Kingham, Oxon, England, October 31

Savinkov and Masaryk

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reprint of Savinkov's story, appearing in the International Relations Section of your publication for October 22, finally gives an opportunity to subject Savinkov's assertions as regards President Masaryk to a closer scrutiny. Briefly, Savinkov asserts that in the year 1918 he received money from one Klepando in the name of President Masaryk for the purpose of conducting a campaign of assassination against the Bolshevik leaders.

President Masaryk left Moscow on the 9th of March on his way to America by way of Siberia and Japan. While in Tokio he advised the Allied governments not to antagonize the Soviet leaders and so to handle the Russian situation as to prevent these men from becoming German tools, consciously or unconsciously. Whether we agree with Masaryk's Russian policy or not, this fact of itself is pretty nearly sufficient to discredit Savinkov's story in so far as it involves Dr. Masaryk, who, in his memorandum from Tokio, holds that a Soviet downfall is not to be expected in the near future.

President Masaryk arrived in Vancouver on April 29, 1918. I know, because I met him there in response to his cabled request from Tokio. From that time until November 19 of the same year I was with him daily, first as his secretary, then as delegate of the Czecho-Slovak National Council, and

still later as commissioner of the Czecho-Slovak Republic to the United States. I know every move that was made, I saw virtually every document that was issued, including cablegrams to the troops in Siberia, and through this all Masaryk's insistence is upon strict neutrality of the Czechs in Russian matters and their departure for the western front in France.

The clash with the Soviets came as a development following Masaryk's departure from Russia, and was not welcomed by the President, still less instigated or ordered by him. It was inevitable the moment the Soviets decided to place obstacles in the path of the Czechs in their desire to reach France.

Savinkov speaks of a Klepando who made him the alleged payment. There was no Klepando in the Czech movement in Russia. Probably Savinkov refers to George Klecanda, secretary of the Russian branch of the Czecho-Slovak National Council. But if so, more than reasonable doubt is thrown upon his story by the mere fact that Klecanda died on April 28, 1918, on a railroad train between Petropavlovsk and Omsk, and was buried in the Omsk cemetery.

At all these times Savinkov appears to have been in Russia proper. He claims that he was ordered by the French ambassador to begin a revolt in Jaroslav or Rybinsk at the beginning of July, 1918. At that time Masaryk was in America and Klecanda had been dead for two months.

Washington, D. C., October 21

CHARLES PERGLER

Schoolbooks and Propaganda

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your magazine for September 17 appears an article which refers, among other things, to a textbook of mine in an uncomplimentary way. I am accused of introducing various sorts of propaganda, consciously or unconsciously, in favor of rich men and corporations, with the effect of prejudicing the minds of children who read the book in favor of these same "malefactors of great wealth." Especially, the writers Messrs. Herskovits and Willey are alarmed by the fact that I used some illustrations which came from the United States Steel Corporation or some of their subsidiaries.

Please allow me to state that after a considerable number of years' experience in the classroom I never once knew a member of the class to make any reference whatever to the source of an illustration which was printed in fine type beneath it. Nobody except a college professor looking for trouble would read into a mere credit line anything in the nature of propaganda. Furthermore, the criticisms in the article are too often based on paragraphs or sentences or illustrations taken out of their context and made to seem to suggest something that the ordinary reader would never think of, as long as they remained in their proper place. I am sure of no bias, conscious or unconscious, when I put myself into the mental state required of a textbook writer, in favor of or against corporations, labor unions, or any other of the numerous economic elements that actually do exist. I will not allow myself to refuse to give corporations or rich men credit for occasionally doing something right. But I know that the discussions and questions and illustrations in the book will create no prejudice one way or the other, if considered by any teacher or class in the spirit in which they were prepared. An author cannot help it if a teacher or critic reads into a text something which is not there. But he does object to having his work advertised as unfair when there is no cause for any such assertion.

Pittsburgh, October 24

R. O. HUGHES

[Mr. Hughes selects John D. Rockefeller's church for illustration as an example of a "community church." Public-health work is illustrated by a tooth-brush drill by "courtesy of Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Co." His pictures of strikes are limited to two street-cars wrecked in front of a church; the wreckage of the supply-house at Herrin; and a crowd listening

to a strike speaker. Beneath the first of these is the caption: "Strikers or their sympathizers overturned and wrecked these cars in Denver, Colorado. The public was seriously inconvenienced. Are such conditions necessary or excusable?" After careful study of the book we cannot accept Mr. Hughes's contention that Messrs. Herskovits and Willey distorted his meaning by quoting sentences apart from their context. His section on Those Who Would Overturn Things, from which they quoted liberally, is grotesque. Mr. Hughes's own book makes plain his earnest desire to be fair and to state both sides; most of it is excellent, but the chapter on Industrial Relations reveals his own, perhaps unconscious, distrust of labor unions and sympathy with industrial paternalism.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

E. D. Morel's Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement of E. D. Morel's death will be accepted by friends of the liberal movement in England and throughout the civilized world as the loss of a rare leader. His combination of intellectual rectitude and moral courage is almost without parallel in our times. How little we know, or perhaps are still intended to know, of such champions of truth is made clear by the scant notice of his death, as it had been by the superficial recognition of his great achievements during his life. His election at Dundee over Churchill by a majority of ten thousand at the time of MacDonald's triumph was hardly recorded in this country. Today we have to search English papers to find that in the late conservative landslide he was again elected from the same district by an increased majority.

These triumphs at the polls are the more significant when we remember that his was a life's challenge to falsehood and hypocrisy in a period of lying propaganda at its worst. The man who wrote "Red Rubber," and fought for many years to expose the crime of the Belgian Congo and succeeded, could hardly expect official or even popular favor. The author of "Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy" was all too true a prophet of the Great War's origin, purpose, and tragedy to invite recognition in his own lifetime. The British citizen who throughout the war refused to bend the knee before official misstatement, and finally to curb him was sent to prison on a technical charge, must have been prepared to be lost in obscurity.

But he was a man of action. He not only survived; he triumphed. His publication *Foreign Affairs* has maintained his crusade for truth. In its columns he has confirmed the correctness of every charge he ever uttered against the myth of sole guilt for the war and against the hideous crimes committed since the war in the name of humanity and democracy and world peace.

Friends of democracy may derive consolation and courage from the fact that so unyielding a champion of truth won the confidence of his constituency in two elections. They may have to concede that the British foreign system is too well entrenched to have made it possible to admit so uncompromising a champion of open diplomacy into the cabinet even when MacDonald was premier, but nothing can deprive them of the inspiration of a life of service so completely unselfish, courageous, and noble.

St. Louis, November 24

CHARLES NAGEL

To Morel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sending you the following few lines in appreciation of a great man who has just died:

Dauntless he walked breast forward, pressing to his goal;
Scorned Courts where subterfuge helped diplomats betray,
Held Truth his oriflamme, nor feared the scourging way
Which immemorial time has made the true man's dole.

New York, December 1

MARY CRUTTENDEN PERCY

International Relations Section

The Violation of Europe

THE results of the World War and the treaties which followed it and the position of the United States toward the European settlement are vigorously outlined by Samuel Untermyer in the following "Reflections on Armistice Day" delivered at the Temple Rodeph Sholom on November 11, 1924:

When the agreement for the League of Nations was formulated it was found to be an agreement to perpetuate, by the combined force of arms of the great nations of the earth, the most brutal, despotic, and war-breeding "peace" in the annals of time. Then and then only did we learn that our dear country, under the guise of "a peace without victory" that was to make the world forever thereafter "safe for democracy," had been made the pawn in the most treacherous game ever played in history. We, whose participation had changed defeat into success for the Allies, were repaid by a treaty that violated every promise made by us and which cannot but perpetuate hatreds for generations to come.

The fundamental particulars in which these three documents (the armistice terms, the League agreement, the Treaty of Versailles) differ from one another, the oppressive and destructive exactions that were added from step to step, have been so frequently analyzed and discussed that the outstanding facts are now well known to all students of the subject. Prefacing them by a brief chronological table, they may be summarized as follows:

NEGOTIATIONS PRECEDING THE ARMISTICE

October 5, 1918. German note to the President, accepting the Fourteen Points laid down in his address to Congress of January 8, 1918.

October 8, 1918. President asked if he was to understand definitely that the German Government accepted the terms laid down in the Fourteen Points and his subsequent addresses and that nothing would be left except to discuss the practical details of their application.

October 12, 1918. The German Government returned an unconditional affirmative to this question.

October 14, 1918. Further communications from the President concerning submarine warfare and guaranties of the representative character of the German Government.

October 20, 1918. Such assurances were given in the German note of that date.

October 23, 1918. The President announced that having received the solemn and explicit assurance of the German Government that it unreservedly accepted the terms of peace laid down in his address of January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement announced in his subsequent addresses, particularly in the address of September 27, 1918, he had communicated the correspondence to the Allied Powers with the suggestion that they ask their military advisers to draw up armistice terms.

November 5, 1918. The President transmitted to the German Government the reply of the Allied Governments declaring their willingness to make peace on the terms laid down in the President's address of January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses—with two qualifications, the one concerning the freedom of the seas and the other relating to reparations.

The peace agreed to by Austria-Hungary with General Diaz in Padua was based on the same terms and principles contained in President Wilson's addresses above referred to.

IN WHAT RESPECTS THESE TERMS WERE VIOLATED

Time will permit of only the briefest summary:

1. The first of the Fourteen Points relates to "open covenants openly arrived at and open diplomacy."

This was violated by the Treaty of the Trianon concluded with Hungary. The allotment of territory to Rumania, including all of Transylvania and a large piece of territory across the River Tisza with over 5,000,000 inhabitants, was based on the secret treaty between the Quintuple Entente—that is, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and Rumania—concluded in August, 1916. The allotments to Serbia and Czecho-Slovakia were based on the secret pacts of Corfu, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh respectively.

2. The third point concerns the "removal of economic barriers and the assurances of equality of trade." This was violated in every particular.

Germany and her allies were required to obligate themselves by the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain-en-Laye, and the Trianon both with respect to imports and exports and as regards tariff regulations and prohibitions for five years to accord "most favored nations" treatment to the Allies and their associated states, without reciprocity; for five years Alsace-Lorraine was made free to export into Germany without payment of customs duties, up to the average amount that had been sent into Germany from 1911 to 1913. No such treatment was accorded German exports into Alsace-Lorraine. For three years Polish exports to Germany and for five years Luxemburg's exports to Germany were given similar treatment under the treaty, without reciprocity. Luxemburg was permanently excluded from the German Customs Union. For six months after the treaty came into force Germany was prohibited, and again without reciprocity, from imposing duties on many imports from the Allies and associated states higher than the "most favored nation" duties prevailing before the war.

This prohibition was continued for a further period of two and one-half years beyond the six months on such commodities as wines, vegetable oils, artificial silk, and washed or scoured wools. . . .

The Allies also reserved special treatment on the left bank of the Rhine, under cover of which the French have tried to establish an independent republic under French clerical auspices.

The provisions relating to railways as affecting goods shipped from Allied countries into Germany and in transit through Germany stipulate a one-sided and "most favored nation" treatment in respect to rail freight rates, etc.

The treaty has given over the administration of the Elbe, the Oder, the Danube, and the Rhine to international commissions. There were similar one-sided stipulations in the Treaties of the Trianon and St. Germain-en-Laye.

3. "Reduction of armaments guaranteed." This covenant has likewise been flagrantly violated by the treaties. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria have been disarmed and left to the "tender mercies" of the Allies while the states of the Allied Powers have greatly increased their armaments.

On November 1, 1918, Czechia (which at that time had not been allowed to annex Slovakia) had 70,000 men under arms, Jugoslavia 60,000, and Rumania 127,000. Today, about five years after the peace, their actual military forces are at least twice as large as at the time of the armistice.

The Hungarian army, on the other hand, has been converted into a voluntary body and limited to 35,000, consisting of about 7 mixed battalions. Czecho-Slovakia's military force has 12 infantry corps, 3 cavalry and 4 artillery battalions, and 2 mountain batteries. Jugoslavia's army includes 16 infantry corps, 2 cavalry corps, and 8 heavy artillery regiments. Rumania commands 14 infantry corps, 2 corps de chasseurs, 1 mountain corps, 3 chasseur battalions, 2 battalions of guards, and 7 mounted, 7 sanitary, and 7 reserve corps.

The 3½ Hungarian corps are in the proportion of 1 to 17 compared to the 59 corps of the Little Entente. Hungary's 525 machine-guns are faced by 3,200 of Czecho-Slovakia and 560 of Yugoslavia and the 4,870 of Rumania. This means that Czecho-Slovakia possesses 6 times as many machine-guns as Hungary, and Rumania 9 times as many. As to cannon, Czecho-Slovakia has 800 pieces of ordnance, Yugoslavia 722, and Rumania 1,822, while 105 is the total of Hungary. Thus Czecho-Slovakia has 8 times, Yugoslavia 7 times, and Rumania 15 times more of these arms than Hungary.

The Hungarian army is prohibited from having any flying-machines, while Czecho-Slovakia is now in command of 1,400 aeroplanes as a result of the completion of the 1922 program. Yugoslavia has 70 and Rumania has 80 flying machines.

Hungary is not allowed to mobilize. Czecho-Slovakia, according to the 1920 Army Act, recruits to a total of 2 to 3 million men. Yugoslavia with her 32 categories accounts for 1,600,000. Rumania with her 27 categories represents a total of 2,500,000. That is a total of 6,400,000 men to be let loose on the comparatively defenseless population of Hungary.

The Allied countries are allowed compulsory military service, while the former Central Powers are permitted only voluntary service.

As to the fifth point, concerning the "impartial adjustment of colonial claims": This was completely disregarded. All former German colonies have been taken without compensation. Austria-Hungary have lost their former settlements in China, without compensation.

4. The ninth point, which assured the adjustment of Italy's boundaries according to nationality, was also flagrantly disregarded. Millions of Germans and Austrians have been included in the territory ceded to Italy by Austria (including Bozen), and without plebiscites.

5. As to the tenth point, promising autonomy to the people of Austria-Hungary: This, too, was violated in every particular. Instead of autonomy millions of people have been wrested from their mother country without a plebiscite and against their will. Hungary lost about 14,000,000 out of a total of 21,000,000. With the exception of western Hungary no plebiscite was held anywhere. Here the population voted almost 2 to 1 in favor of retaining Hungarian rule, although the inhabitants are chiefly of German origin.

6. The eleventh point provided that Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated and the occupied territories restored.

Montenegro was swallowed up by Serbia and ceased to exist. Serbia, now known as Yugoslavia, has been enormously enlarged at the expense of Hungary, Bulgaria, Croatia, and Bosnia. Historical allegiance and nationality were ruthlessly disregarded. This is true also as to Macedonia and Herzegovina—which latter province has never belonged to Serbia. Croatia never belonged to Serbia and wants to be autonomous.

7. The thirteenth point, providing for an independent Polish state, has been disregarded in the partition of Upper Silesia, the cession of eastern Prussia to Poland, and the establishment of Danzig as a free city.

Referring now to the principles laid down in President Wilson's addresses: On February 11, 1918, he said: "There shall be no annexations, no contributions, no punitive damages."

Under the peace treaties there have been wholesale annexations. Leaving aside Alsace-Lorraine, which it was always understood would go to France, there were annexed Moresnet, Eupen, and Malmedy by Belgium; part of Silesia by Czecho-Slovakia; eastern and western Prussia (partly) together with Posenia by Poland; Upper Silesia partly by Poland; North Schleswig by Denmark; all the colonies of Germany by the Allied Powers. All German territory west of the Rhine is to be occupied for at least fifteen years. It remains to be seen how much longer this occupation or annexation will last.

Nation Dinners

Dec. 12, 1924

Is the Press Kept?

Speakers:

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE,
Executive Editor, *The World*

ERNEST GRUENING,
Former Managing Editor, *N. Y. Tribune*

Can You Get the Truth from Persona Grata Foreign Correspondents?

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Former Foreign Correspondent

Chairman:

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,
Editor, *The Nation*

Jan. 23, 1925

Is Monogamy Feasible?

Speakers:

FLOYD DELL

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

A. A. GOLDENWEISER

Chairman:

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Feb. 13, 1925

Do Americans Speak English?

Speakers:

CARL VAN DOREN
and others

Chairman:

ARTHUR WARNER

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12-10-24

Two-thirds of Hungary has been fraudulently taken by Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia; Fiume by Italy (leaving Hungary without a port or access to the sea); Macedonia by Serbia; the Dobrudja by Rumania; Bessarabia, Bukovina by Rumania; parts of Tyrol; Trieste, the Austrian sea-coast, and the Hungarian littoral by Italy.

The American delegate to the Peace Conference, Mr. John Foster Dulles, vigorously protested against contributions and punitive damages from Germany. He particularly objected to the payment of military pensions, which is the biggest item of the reparations payment. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, another American delegate, declared that not one legal expert of the American delegation advised the inclusion of pensions in the reparations.

In the address of February 11, 1918, above referred to, the President also declared:

Self-determination is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril. . . . Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims of rival states.

Except in eastern Prussia, Upper Silesia, and western Hungary, there was no plebiscite and no self-determination. The peoples have simply been transferred to alien rule without being consulted. . . .

If the war had terminated in the defeat and surrender of the armies of the Central Powers the Allies might well have claimed that under the ancient brutal rules of war, whereby "to the victors belong the spoils," they were entitled to absolutely dictate the terms of peace, however destructive to the future peace of the world. But this war was not supposed to have been so terminated. Each side (except the United States) was almost as near the point of exhaustion and enforced surrender as was the other. Hostilities were suspended by common consent and upon assurances that were flagrantly violated at every step. The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and the taking of a vast part of the territory of Russia, the former ally of the Allies, were accomplished because their resistance-power was exhausted.

France is today almost as much the military master of the new states, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugoslavia, that were taken largely from her ally, Russia, and from Austria-Hungary, as though they were her territory. We have substituted French militarism for German militarism, but in a more aggravated form.

The League of Nations, that was to correct past wrongs and aggressions and to perpetuate a just peace, has proved an iridescent dream. It was beautiful in its abstract conception but was wrecked and converted into a weapon of injustice and oppression before it took form. The treacherous and obnoxious character of the peace that it was finally pledged to assure, more even than the requirements of Articles X and XII of the Covenant, made it impossible for America to become a party to that iniquitous bargain.

AMERICA'S ROLE

Every venture that we make into the realm of diplomacy proves anew that we are mere children in that art. The play upon our idealism is as easy as taking candy from children. It is the indoor sport of European statesmen. A trade with the United States is an easy diversion in which we are sure to come off in the rear. In the Spanish War, after having easily beaten the poor, weak, impoverished enemy with its antiquated navy, we paid \$20,000,000 for the privilege of winning the war and of relieving Spain of a liability that had hung like a millstone around her neck and assumed the role of colonial development of subject peoples for which we are not fitted, which is foreign to our conceptions of free government, and into which we have poured and will continue for generations to pour untold wealth.

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In the World War the result is far worse. Here we have succeeded in sowing the seeds of future wars by our impotent, amateur diplomacy, while the Allies have bagged the spoils in power, territory, and reparations. Our role has been that of the Lady Bountiful who after supplying man-power, armaments, and the billions of money that made victory possible, found ourselves at the end without indemnity for our sacrifices and without real participation or influence to make good our promises, based upon the assurances made by the Allies to us, in the carrying out of the terms of peace on which we induced the enemy to lay down their arms.

Our diplomats are mainly untried men drawn haphazard from the ranks of successful lawyers, bankers, and big business, without training in diplomacy—men who have been so busy with their private concerns that they go to their posts painfully ignorant of the conditions that confront them.

What we need above all things in our foreign affairs is a school of diplomacy where the histories of the inner affairs of nations can be studied, supplemented by a system of promotions in the service that will assure these men a career and will give us a consistent, continuous foreign policy unhampered by political changes in our home administration of affairs.

The latter has in recent years been assured to a limited extent in the minor posts, but the positions of great honor, power, and prestige are still doled out as rewards for political service. The worst feature of that system, unlike other countries, is that by the time a man has learned his way about and begun to gather friends and accumulate influence in the country to which he is accredited he is replaced by a new administration. So long as these conditions prevail we shall continue without real knowledge and influence at the head of our diplomatic affairs.

We have in our brilliant Secretary of State probably the most superb, all-round, intellectual machine in America. But he, like most of our other high public officials, assumed that great office entirely devoid of experience in the subtle art of diplomacy.

AMERICA AND RUSSIA

Our attitude toward the recognition of Russia is an apt illustration of the incoherent, infantile brand of diplomacy in which we are engaged. For seven years the present Russian Government has maintained itself and gradually grown in strength in the face of incredible obstacles until it has literally forced recognition from other great countries.

We recognized the Czarist regime, which was the most cruel and despotic form of government of modern times, surpassing even the kingdom of Siam and other countries that might be named, whose accredited representatives are members of our Diplomatic Corps at Washington. We have recognized Central and South American governments with their kaleidoscopic changes, brought about by internal revolutions that were so rapid that by the time we had recognized an existing government another had taken its place through bloody revolution.

The internal social and economic policies of a great nation are none of our business. If we were only to associate in friendly relations with those countries whose forms of government appealed to us we should have been living in isolation for the past century.

If our reason for refusing to recognize Russia is based upon her repudiation of the debts of the Czarist regime, we should at least be consistent. Has Czecho-Slovakia or Jugoslavia recognized the outstanding obligations of the countries they have absorbed or any portion of them? . . . Has Germany or Austria-Hungary assumed liability for the outstanding internal or external debts of those countries held in foreign lands? Does not the treaty, in fact, prevent them from doing so by placing the reparations payments ahead of all such things?

Russia's substance was poured out in the defense of the Allies on the Eastern Front. She lost millions of men and

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billions of treasure in that effort. When her government collapsed as a result of this intolerable drain the Allies, in whose cause it had been thus destroyed, calmly proceeded to carve out her territory. Such pretexts for the non-recognition of Russia are the veriest hypocrisy.

If we had a real sense of humor we would "tread rather lightly" in celebrating Armistice Day, beyond congratulating ourselves that we are out of the mess and vowing to forget all about the mortifying spectacle that we must present in the eyes of the trained diplomats of Europe. If America wants a real Armistice Day that shall be a source of pride rather than of shame and mortification, we should at least make an effort to correct or modify these wrongs, for which we are at least partly responsible, in so far as possible. As the first step in that direction, let us ask the forthcoming Disarmament Conference to include in its agenda the discussion of treaty revision. It would be a difficult task, but if it can be only partly accomplished it will open the way for us to become a party to a League of Nations to preserve a peace which we need not be ashamed to defend.

Contributors to This Issue

SYLVIA KOPALD is the author of "Rebellion in Labor Unions."

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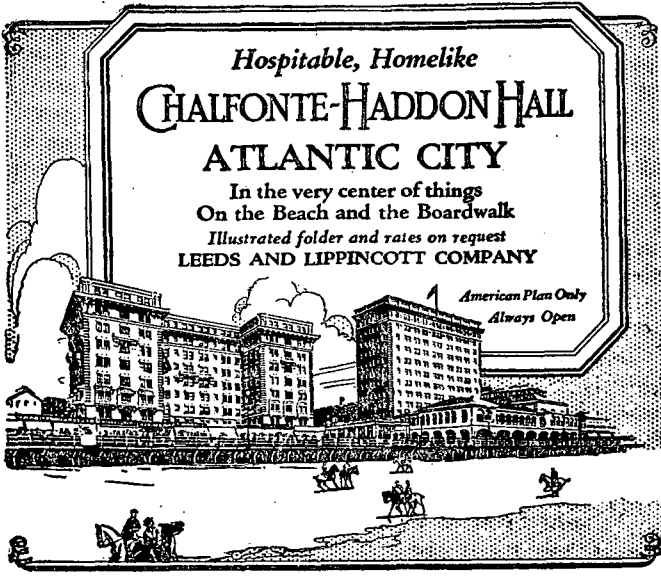
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Holiday Book Section

Poems

Rational Man

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

His restless glance abruptly drew
An arc halfway around the rim
Of earth's mysterious big bowl:
After escaping from his soul
Colors of sleep were standing by,
Their dark-blue shadows all around him.

This was the kind of night, he knew,
That, for no cause at all, would hound him,
And set his spirit prowling, prowling. . . .
His glance, grown tired of running, flew
Suddenly upward to the sky
And stopped. The moon gazed back at him;
He stared, frowning a little, scowling . . .

He had discovered that, despite
Supposed advantages of sex,
When that white globe was on the wax
He could not hope to be immune
To lunar influence, nor fight
The monthly fulness of the moon.

And then he saw some poplar trees
All in a line, set close together,
Essential to a stiff design
In formal-garden symmetries:
He counted them, and there were nine.

He thought that they were beautiful:
Then he began to wonder whether
They were, like him, susceptible
To that distinct unearthly pull;
Some influence, he saw, was making
Their leaves keep rustling and shaking
Strangely. There seemed to be no breeze.

Rest and quiver, rest and quiver,
The trembling trees stood close together.
Their false propinquity, however,
Was not surprising to discover,
For he remembered he had heard
Poplars would never touch each other
No matter how their limbs were stirred.

There was a symbol for his shield!

Nine poplars on a moonlit field
Aloof, fastidious, intense
With shuddering self-preference!
He had no one near him to touch
But the idea consoled him much,
And he, whose lot was not like these,
Took comfort from the poplar trees.

To Lisa in Summer

By MAX EASTMAN

All things that move are memories of you,
The waves that linger glimmering and slim
Along my body when I dive and swim,
The daisies bathing with me in the dew,
The nimble swallows in the limpid blue,
The leaping butterflies above the trim
Wild yellow lilies dancing in the brim
Of winds that are but living motion too.

There is no wing or willow in this place
So swift or slender it can bend or bless,
But in remembrance of your kindling grace;
And even the deep cool waiting water knows
How liquid is the depth of your repose,
How silver still a pool your quietness.

Memoir

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Such bliss he had, such agony,
And what he had he gave to me.

I shut the door of our small house
And lived with agony's carouse;

I opened the door and let in
Others to live down the din;

And all the time his bliss was there
Eluding me like silver air,

And when I caught his silver glee
It was too magical for me.

I broke his bliss, I hushed his woe,
We stood in our empty house to go

Packed and coated on our quest:
He went east, I went west,

Until at length we met before
The narrow panel of our door;

We stood and faced each other as
Long as lifetimes take to pass;

Into the house I led him then,
I shut the door on living men;

And now we watch grope to and fro
The ghost of bliss, the ghost of woe.

Contemporary Disillusion: A Dialogue

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A MARBLE bench in the Public Library. The pallor of a November afternoon, just before the lights are up, makes a glacier of the blenched walls and causes the two figures that have crumpled up in the corner to seem a little pathetic—as if they had lost their party and had sunk down wearily to await the return of the guide. As a matter of fact, they have been shopping. The poet, Marjorie Franck, is an eager, mouselike woman, with a quick inscrutable smile; the critic, Thomas Deems, has a hard intentness which points to a mind that perpetually feels the touch of some interior whip. They eye each other wanly, these two, in the first tentacular moments of meeting; but presently their weariness and apathy are blown away in gusts of conversation.

MARJORIE. What have I been doing lately? That is an ironic question to ask a mother. I wash innumerable diapers, I sew, I prepare food, and occasionally I am foolish enough to dream of writing a little; but nothing comes of it: the child of my flesh is a jealous child! And you?

DEEMS. I am in much the same plight as you; but I haven't the excuse of a baby. Our contemporaries are all so sick and disillusioned that although I have a hundred things in me that want to be written I am appalled at the notion of having to arouse so much apathy.

M. Don't talk about our contemporaries! I feel like strangling every person between thirty and forty that I meet. Every time I spend an evening with some remnant of those little groups and coteries that used to be so active when I was at college or during the first year of the peace, I hear nothing but the same tale—how old they feel, how disgusted they are with life. Those who don't openly complain show by their tastes and interests what has happened. They tell dull smutty jokes and discuss the nuances of Krazy Kat. Even this is a little too strenuous for their mentalities: so they seize the first drop of liquor as a pretext for getting drunk! If only they were gay!

D. Yes, if only they were! The sad fact is that they become the Brahmins of the frivolous life, and like Mr. Gilbert Seldes they discuss jazz and Joe Cook with a seriousness which would be pontifical and absurd if they were treating the music of Bach or the stage of Molière. Their efforts to repudiate their old interests seem much more pathetic than the plight of the younger generation; for the youngsters are not conscious of the past they have turned their backs on.

M. Don't you honestly feel a little sad at the fact that we no longer *are* the younger generation; that there is now growing up a fresh crop of boys and girls who scorn what we cherished?

D. I should be heartily envious of them if I thought that their rebellions were driving them into positions where some freezing-up of old sympathies kept us from following them. When I was in Germany last year I more than once felt a sentimental twitch when I watched the bands of medieval-looking youths setting out to live for themselves a much more gay and strenuous life than we had been able to conceive—and grabbing directly a number of things that

we had thought could come only by legislation or a prolonged course of education. Many of them have achieved, on a few crusts of bread and a stout heart, the sort of life we couldn't imagine for ourselves without an economic revolution and a full dinner pail. In America I don't feel this at all: the chief mark of the younger generation is a sort of spiritual amnesia; and their notion of the good life is that of the bourgeoisie, minus the responsibility. Reaching adolescence in the midst of the war, these youngsters were introduced to none of the great ideas of the Enlightenment: all they were conscious of was the material and spiritual collapse. They are literally a generation without a history; for the war effaced the future as well as the past, and who can labor at art or science or any of the humane disciplines if he is uneasily aware all the while that the fabric which supports his single work may be destroyed overnight?

M. But they are not alone: at bottom we are all in the same mood. Did you read the retrospective wail with which Floyd Dell finished for good and all *The Liberator* and the things that it once stood for? This emptiness is what makes my lot as a mother doubly hard. What have I to give my child at its coming-of-age? Ten years ago one wouldn't have asked the question: the answer was as obvious as a good dinner to a man with a healthy appetite. But what can we believe in today? A state which will promote imbecile wars for the sake of picayune commercial gains or "Nordic" prestige? A labor movement that learns nothing, assimilates nothing, foresees nothing—except Mr. Babbitt's world extended and enlarged? "An emerging American philosophy" which will revise and codify all the thin sterilities of puritanism and pragmatism. How thrilling! What trumpet calls to the soul!

D. What you say reminds me of a dictum of Taine's I ran across the other day: I jotted it down in my notebook. I have it here: "Beneath every literature there is a philosophy. Beneath every work of art an idea of nature and of life. . . . Whoever plants the one, plants the other; whoever undermines the one, undermines the other. Place in all the minds of any age a new grand idea of nature and of life, so that they feel and produce it with their whole heart and strength, and you will see them seized with the craving to express it, invent forms of art and groups of figures. Take away from these minds every new grand idea of nature and life, and you will see them deprived of the craving to express all-important thoughts, copy, sink into silence, or rave." It is easy to see the bearing of this on our generation: we have lost the medium of ideas in which we lived and breathed and had our being. No wonder literature is in a backwater. No wonder we have novels like "Jennifer Lorn," and the "New Candide," and "Lady into Fox," and the "Green Hat"—to speak only of the better ones. No wonder so much of our poetry is delicate, inane embroidery. I am not speaking of your own verses of course; but if you'll forgive me for saying so, I do not think it is the baby alone that has made you sink into silence these last few years.

M. Well, between us, we've conjured up a horrid picture; and in the act of explaining the situation it seems to me we've made it worse. It would be bad enough if the dreariness of our contemporaries were a mere aberration. But suppose it is inevitable: suppose we, without realizing it, are in the same giddy boat? One can blame no one: one can correct nothing: one can create nothing! That is what your criticism comes to.

D. On the contrary: it is only in the past tense that things are inevitable. The battle has not been lost yet; and the reason is that it has not been fought. I myself don't feel old and tired; on the contrary, I feel much younger than the so-called younger generation. The fatigued academicism of Mr. Gorham Munson, or the encyclopedic felicities of Miss Marianne Moore, or for that matter the belated decadence of Mr. Carl Van Vechten, who belongs to the younger generation, as it were, by adoption—these things are really old and tiresome and depressing. The young men in *Broom* who used to write paeans to the stark lucidity and beauty of modern advertisements doubtless never heard of Elbert Hubbard; their colleagues who have awakened to sudden enthusiasm over the rigorous comeliness of machinery are probably unacquainted with Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, to say nothing of Samuel Smiles and the architect of the Crystal Palace. I have not succumbed to these hoary modernisms, perhaps, because the foundations of my education were laid before the war; and as Charles Adams said the other day, anyone over thirty who keeps his wits at all is *ipso facto* gifted with the matured intelligence of an old man, for he has passed through a long course of spiritual experiences which the youth of today has been deprived of. I am not at all discountenanced by these stale enthusiasms and sickly philosophies which satisfy the beligerently young. Let them exhume all the corpses my generation folded tightly into the earth; if the corpse has any vitality it is only the vitality of decomposition.

M. I follow your argument, I think; but I don't get much consolation out of it. We should be happier if we could feel again the old meanings and hopes; but we are empty, and the universe seems empty, too. Like the sick man in the parable of Sadi, our only want is that we might want something.

D. Excellent; emptiness is the prelude to appetite. What is necessary, for those of us who recognize our dilemma, is simply to keep our writers and artists from cherishing the illusion that emptiness is a new kind of fullness. We may not be able to produce any robust works of the imagination; we may hardly be able to stomach the hearty intellectual fare that a Tolstoi or a Nietzsche could give us. So much the worse for us, of course; but we must be doubly on our guard lest we fancy that the things we now produce, which lack the full swing of the intellectual and imaginative life, can redeem their inherent weakness by their verbal costume and their aesthetic pattern. Formal perfection is not merely a minor virtue; it is something that belongs to minor works of art. You can demand it in the sonnet but not in the *Odyssey*; you can find it in Leopardi's dialogues but not in Plato's. This cant about pattern attempts to measure imaginative literature with standards that are scarcely proper even to painting or music; and it is absurd, for unless a work of literature has more than "form" it can only be a dim, muddy kind of painting or a fettered sort of music, performed on an imperfect instrument.

M. But what good will this sort of criticism do? You will only alienate the people you should help. The younger group won't believe you; or, if they do, will accept your criticism as the last bouquet of praise, and will continue to flirt with those literary periods in which their own delicate vacuity has been most perfectly expressed. Before you know it, there will be a cult of Renaissance masques. Do you not smell the approach of this in Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's beautiful book on the Baroque in Spain and Italy?

D. Well, I have no desire to reform anybody or change anything; I, too, am a product of the war! If I insist a good part of our present work is sterile and empty, it is not because I wish to chasten the taste of those who like that sort of thing; it is only because I want to keep the road open for those who have guts enough to read and write something different. We are a minority at the moment; but we will have our day yet! After Lyly came Ben Jonson! Given sufficient time our spiritual ailments tend to heal themselves; that is the great secret of psychoanalysis which accomplishes many of its marvels by a treatment so prolonged that it outlasts the disorder which occasioned it!

M. (demurely acid). Biologically speaking, you've made me happy that I am at least a mother. By the time the child of my flesh is old enough to feel the difference there may be new children of the spirit for it to play with: and in the meanwhile I can forget my futility.

D. That from a feminist!

The chandelier over their head suddenly rings with lights; and they rise from their crumpled postures with clean decision.

Stephen Crane and the Genius Myth

By FLOYD DELL

THOMAS BEER, in his excellent study of Stephen Crane, relegates to an appendix the myths which, gathering about Crane's name, so confused a previous biographer that he gave up his task in despair of ever finding out the truth. Piecing together various fragments of these myths, one may reconstruct the following biography of the *mythical* Stephen Crane: he was the illegitimate son of a President of the United States; he served a term in prison for some crime; he had a love affair with Sarah Bernhardt; he had an illegitimate child by a girl in the slums, who then went on the streets; he married and deserted a number of women; he was an alcoholic and a drug-fiend; he fought a duel, tried to burn James Gordon Bennett's yacht, and sent a ninety-thousand-dollar cablegram to his paper when he was a war correspondent; he died of delirium tremens in Paris. . . . None of this, as Mr. Beer takes pains to point out, was true. Stephen Crane was hard-working, sober, and of irreproachable private life. Why, then, this lurid myth?

Mr. Beer ascribes it to prejudice and envy; and Joseph Conrad, in his introduction to the book, takes pains to defend his dead friend against this "perfidious and contemptible gossip." Yet nothing is clearer than that the people who spread these preposterous stories were not animated by any hatred for Crane; they had no wish to do him injury. On the contrary! Mr. Conrad reveals the secret when he says, scornfully, that the story of Crane's being unable to write "without getting drunk" was related by some one "as an instance of the artistic temperament." And Mr. Beer speaks of some of these other stories as having been told by people who had met Crane "and admired him." That is just the point; these people did admire Crane, and they admired him for his "artistic temperament." No, these legends did not spring from malice; they were the tribute of his generation to his "genius." The Stephen Crane myth, which reveals nothing as to Crane himself, reveals much as to the state of

mind of the times in which he lived—late nineteenth-century America.

Much of it is archaic enough in form; heroes have been illegitimate since there were hero-tales to celebrate them; and the President as the father is merely a quaint substitute for the King of those hero-tales. But in spite of such archaisms, the myth discloses a late nineteenth-century secret—what people thought a “genius” ought to be. Genius, according to this view, consists in breaking rules. And in being illegitimate our mythical genius was merely starting in at the beginning with his rule-breaking. Of course a true genius ought to commit some crime and go to prison; could “unrestrained temperament” be expected to abide the laws made for common people? And he should have an illicit love affair with the most distinguished woman of his time—with some Cleopatra, some Ninon de L’Enclos; and the divine Sarah served the purposes of myth very well. Crane had written a book about “a girl of the streets”; a true genius studies life at first hand—he goes and does the thing, and then writes about it; our genius must unquestionably have driven Maggie to the streets before he could write about her. Women, as stepping-stones, play a part in the life of all true geniuses; they must be numerous, and they should, according to late nineteenth-century taste, be badly treated by all ordinary standards; hence the other deserted women of the myth. Obviously he must be a drunkard and a drug-fiend, and write only under the influence of these literary aids. He must do preposterous things; the attempt to burn the Bennett yacht and the ninety-thousand-dollar cablegram have the true epic touch. Finally, he must die in the horrors of delirium tremens; those horrors add the final touch of perfection to a life consecrated to beauty, as that of a genius must be.

Contemporary fact had something to do with this notion of genius. There were poets in England who were vagabonds and drunkards, who went to prison, who died in delirium tremens. But it was more than a fact, it was a fashion that was being emulated in America. It was the thing for young geniuses, just then, to “tread their mystic way to the dogs,” as Rebecca West has said, to “conscientiously stretch themselves upon the rack of irregular habits.” They were doing it faithfully in England and in the more up-to-date literary circles of America. The trouble was that the recipe did not work very well; in England, in a few instances, literary ability survived for a time this harsh regimen, and the brilliant flashes that drugs and drink had not extinguished were ascribed to their beneficent influence. But in America there was not even that much to show. The theory had to be proved: a genius, authentic and universally acclaimed, had to be there to point at. So poor Stephen Crane was picked upon. Wasn’t he a genius? Well, then, he must have become one by such means!

That leaves unexplained, however, the existence of such a fashion. The fashion may perhaps be described as the flamboyant and defiant acceptance of an apparent necessity. Different as late nineteenth-century England and America were, in both there was a tremendous emphasis on the manufacture and sale of goods, and slight encouragement for the young person who was by temperament committed to something else. Stephen Crane’s own early and obscure literary struggle testifies to this for America. The result of such early discouragement and lack of sympathy might have been, in a person of less stamina, drugs, drink, and irrelevant and preposterous adventures. That might have

been the case; that was the case with many others; and it was these others, failing to achieve anything in literature themselves, who took refuge under the aegis of the Stephen Crane myth. He was their great apologia, their justification, and in a sense their sanctification. Through him all their sins were forgiven.

And in a sense they were right in identifying themselves with him. He too, though in a different way, was the victim of his environment. American commercialism, if it did not drive him to drugs and drink, killed him none the less. He was, truly enough, a martyr to his artist’s temperament. Others, who could adjust themselves more easily to the America into which he was born, still live and flourish; Stephen Crane died young.

The Unknown Critic¹

By HIMSELF

HE is a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. But the certainty that some day his efforts will be recognized is a pardonable vanity in him, because it is a dream born out of his finest hopes. Humble though he is, and as yet totally unknown, he asked permission to draw his own portrait for *The Nation* because he believed he had claims to such a distinction. For he knows himself for what he is, an important member of that great family which knows no other nexus in itself but its community of love and reverence for the noblest manifestations of the human spirit.

He has no achievements to be discussed. His philosophy—if philosophy may be called the small quantum of knowledge and of experience he has gathered and is trying to synthesize—and his personality may be of no interest to the public. But as a tyro in the quixotical concerns of the spirit he deserves the attention of that small number in whom the curse of opportunity has not yet killed the love for that small plant of beauty and understanding he is preparing himself to cultivate.

Personal details about him are unimportant. His parents may be descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers; or he may be made constantly aware of his long nose by hearing the word “Jew” muttered under breath at the slightest provocation; or it may be that his broad a’s and dark skin proclaim him for a Latin—it does not matter. Whether born here, or brought here when young, it was here that the tendrils of his mind first pierced the soil of wisdom in search of knowledge; here, from English cadences, he first suffered the voluptuous pang with which the beauty of words can make him smart; and here, planted by an American hand, was the seed of his longing for expression. He does not consider hereditary traits, therefore, as important in his making as the influences of the environment in which he first opened his eyes to the light of understanding. The blood of his soul, his mental traits, the make-up of his moral bias, his aesthetic prejudices—these were gathered here by him, from the same fountains from which Whitman and Melville and Hawthorne gathered theirs. The American tradition, perhaps broadened and made more catholic by his intimate acquaintance with another, is definitely his.

¹ This anonymous article is the eighth in a series of articles by American critics about themselves. Heywood Brown, Ludwig Lewisohn, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Doren, Llewellyn Jones, Harry Hansen, and Henry Seidel Canby have appeared; Burton Rascoe, E. W. Howe, and John Macy are to follow.

He is therefore an American. The land itself he loves because it is a land pregnant with the promise of great things. But the word American as he uses it is not tainted with the prejudices of the patriot or of the jingoist. He is an American because he is keenly interested in the life about him and sensitive to its beauty and passionately resentful of its ugliness. Politically, however, he is an internationalist, for he sees no rational justification for the division of the world into sovereign states and considers this division as the cause of the moral chaos into which the world is at present plunged.

But political and industrial questions, however much they may throb in the back of his mind, do not preoccupy him. He leaves them to others to settle as best they may. This is hardly to say that he is not interested in them at all. No human problem is alien to him. Just as politically he considers himself an internationalist, economically his sympathies lie with the proletariat. But he is satisfied with his unscientific opinions about this question, because he considers the wrangle between the capitalist and the proletariat, although of sweeping practical consequences, a superficial wrangle. And he knows that whatever settlement they may come to his own position, which is the position of the artist, will remain unchanged. As an artist, it is not to capitalism that he is opposed but to industrialism. And for industrialism neither the gilded plutocrat of today nor the mythical proletariat of the dictatorship offers a remedy. As to the triumph of his faith he is pessimistic, for he knows that there has been no time in the history of the race when the claims of art were ever recognized with preference; not even in Greece, which witnessed such a beautiful flowering of the human spirit. Our present dream of the glory that was Greece he believes to be a beautifully desperate modern invention; an expression of our modern longing for a disciplined, harmonious life of the soul.

What he is mainly interested in is life as expressed in literature. Perhaps what impels him toward criticism is his concern for expressed life—for the ethical and philosophical implications of life, for the yearnings and aspirations of man as caught and rendered clear by the artist in an aesthetic medium—rather than for life itself. As he sees it, the difference between the critic and the imaginative artist lies in the fact that the artist is concerned only in externalizing the world of his fancy—which is the world of his experience remade to suit his heart's desire—while the critic, with a more intellectual bent, or with a lesser sensitivity to experience, finds vicarious self-realization by giving a meaning to the world of the artist. This is what he understands by criticism. As he once put it to me, critics are beach-combers in the sands of expressed life, searching for hidden coins in the sieves of their own philosophies.

In search of the weft for his sieve, in search of a few principles under the light of which to understand life, and with the aid of which he may correlate the chaotic plexus of its tendencies as he feels them, he has spent a good part of his formative years. But philosophers who purport to solve the riddle of the world have given him but little. After a long apprenticeship in their barbaric lingo, when he was able to enter their arcana he saw that metaphysicians are quack doctors pretending to cure the world of imaginary illnesses. His disappointment with them, nevertheless, taught him that it is not from others but from him-

self that he may expect the answer which he seeks. And that answer he may get only by extracting it from his own experience, alchemized in his own mind, with reference to the truth attained, not by the Hegels or Kants but by those who are sensitive enough to the beauty and the hurt of the world to feel for man love and pity.

To two moderns, however—whom he thinks of not as philosophers but as artists, since they are, in truth, more concerned with expressing the world of their fancy than with understanding the world of experience—he owes a great debt: Nietzsche and Santayana. From these two men, who after all are the only two modern thinkers who have a serious claim to the attention of the youth of today, he is endeavoring to gather the sweetness and light of the latter and the restless courage and passionate hatred of mediocrity of the former. The staid Attic pose of Santayana, searching in life for the seeds of its ideal possibilities, and the fearless and uncompromising attitude of Nietzsche toward a bungling self-satisfied world—these are, of human virtues, the two virtues he admires most. But their philosophies, as tools for his work, have not proved of great use to him. For Santayana, by locking himself up in the tower of ivory of his "Life of Reason," shuts out the man of flesh and bones, the man of contradictions and of passions, from his consideration. And Nietzsche, to escape his own weakness, identified strength with cruelty, and because he was not able to liberate himself from his pity—the consciousness of his own weakness—made of it the scapegoat of his failure.

The rational attitude of Santayana and the aristocratic attitude of Nietzsche are the present tyro's distinguishing characteristics. Through them he expects, in whatever measure may be given to him, to play his part in the process of accelerating America's coming of age. His program is yet vague in his mind. But the major lines of his intentions are simple enough. The need of America as he sees it (and for this diagnosis, of course, he does not claim originality) is the recognition of the claims of the spirit. We are—for reasons that are being brought to light by men like Van Wyck Brooks—worshiping at shrines whose gods have little care for the more permanent values of the human soul. But there is no reason to believe that, after the exaltation of our materialistic triumphs has worn itself out, as it must very soon, we shall not be forced to turn toward lines of endeavor of greater significance to the human spirit than those we at present follow. Do not our buildings—he argues naively—gush upward? Surely, there must be a meaning to this obsession for the heights! To point out the fallacy of our materialistic philosophy, to stimulate our already growing discontent with it, and to force acceptance of the cults of Apollo and of Minerva is the duty of that minority among us who have enlisted in the priesthood of the older gods. This is, with him, a matter of faith, and he admits of no other attitude than that of a truculent intolerance for the values which to him are false. To encourage, then, as a critic, the efforts of those who are striving after sweetness and light, to unmask those who under the disguise of artists go about peddling bogus beauty and wisdom, and by helping to unite the efforts of the minority into a common urge to wage a successfully defensive fight against the eternally triumphant hordes of Philistia—this is the task to which, with a religious fervor and a humble attitude, he has had the temerity to pledge himself.

Books

First Glance

HAVELOCK ELLIS is only sixty-five years old, but throughout the third and final series of his "Comments and Impressions" (Houghton Mifflin: \$3) he speaks like one who believes that he is done. Death has begun to be something that he can love; a feather from her soft wing has touched his eyes, the scythe has pricked him and left him bleeding, and he is not sorry. He thinks of Prospero, "the man who has finally grasped the whole universe in his vision, as an evanescent mist, and stands serenely on the last foothold and ultimate outlook of the world," and he is content with such wise company at the close of a long day spent without rest yet without haste. The author of "The New Spirit," "Man and Woman," "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and "The Dance of Life" rises quietly from profound labors along the darker edges of man's mind and walks free upon an earth which he now sees for the first time, perhaps, in its complete and shining beauty.

The quality of his present vision he has himself defined in a magnificent passage describing the final phase of any great artist's genius—Rodin, Michelangelo, Titian, Rembrandt, Turner, and Shakespeare are in his mind. "The artist has lost his early power of realistic grip, and with it lost also his early taste for such power. But he has lost it only to attain a wider and deeper and more symbolic mastery of the world. He no longer cares for the mere literal imagery of a scene he will leave so soon. But he cares more than he has ever cared for its essence, and he is conscious of that essence with a delicacy of sensitive perception he never before possessed. He is no longer concerned with things; they are receding from his view. As he rises above the earth, like Elijah in his chariot of fire, he now sees it only in the distance. Henceforth he no longer deals with things. It is the soul of things that he brings before us." It is the soul of his universe that Mr. Ellis is asking us to see in this last but surely not yet finished phase—the soul behind all natural things, the soul one glimpse of which "converted" him to a very special kind of religion years ago. It shows itself clearly to him now as he goes on holidays of the spirit along the Cornish cliffs or through the vineyards of the South. It is manifest in sun and spray, in the green oncoming wave, in the music of Bach, in the aeroplane which takes him once to France, in the twisted, vigorous vine, in the metaphysics of obscenity. It reconciles for him the most stubborn of all opposites—"the diversity of the world" and "its inability to accept its own diversity." It saves him from the romanticism "which lies in seeking after a beauty the world cannot hold and in failing to see the beauty it really holds." But in particular it glows for him through all the rich memories of books and men which leisure now allows to return. If he is the ripest commentator on human life today it is because he knows and remembers more pertinent things than any other man, and because these things are grown not only into his mind but also, apparently, into his body; so that to observe for him is to reflect, and to reflect is to feel truth spreading like a warm dye through nerve and sinew and bone.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Ellis will write many more books, and incidentally that he will continue as here to

chastise the age into which—unfortunately, he thinks—he was born. "I am sometimes called 'modern,'" he remarks, "and there is nothing that I less desire to be called. The only modern things that I care for are those that are as old as the dawn or the rainbow or at least as the wild rose." The Victorian age against which he rebelled and the Georgian age about which all he can say is that it "will seem worth remembering heaven knows for what!" have been timid ages, innocent of danger, extravagance, and splendor. Dominated by the cowardly herd, the twentieth century has faced few or none of the facts which to Mr. Ellis are as simple as they are noble. And what is never to be forgiven, it has fought a squalid, meaningless war. Mr. Ellis on the World War, and especially on those flimsy minds which now deprecate it though they once justified and cheered it, is a salutary satirist. Perhaps the particular future which it is hard not to believe awaits him lies in the direction of denunciation.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sherwood Anderson's Autobiography

A Story Teller's Story. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. \$3.

THIS autobiography has the singular merit of presenting in a most engaging manner a key to all sides of its author's literary character. Parts of it must have been written desultorily, and other parts rapidly; some of it is humorous, rippling with gaiety and boyishness; some of it is introspective, brooding, testamentary. Out of this book comes the real Sherwood Anderson: not only the man seeking to interpret the subconscious elements in life or lamenting about the hard road of the artist in a world of ironmongers, but also the man rich with the human quality that comes out in short stories like "I'm a Fool" and the unpublished "Mama Geigans." It would seem that Mr. Anderson revealed here all the facets that one discovers otherwise only by reading every one of his previous volumes.

Mr. Anderson recalls boyhood as an adventure in which the imagination had its share; consequently the early pages tell how the Anderson boys dramatized "The Last of the Mohicans" and dived into such romance and mystery as boys can conjure up; in retrospect, also, the author sees his father as a delightful, carefree story-teller with a flair for braggadocio, and the mother as hard-working, lovable, solicitous for her brood; the reader recognizes the father at once as the original of Windy McPherson in Mr. Anderson's first published novel. In fact, he is much more entertaining than his fictive replica, and one is tempted to hazard the guess that Windy McPherson might have sat for the portrait of Mr. Anderson's father much as a model sits in the clothes of a person long deceased when a posthumous portrait is to be painted. Mr. Anderson looks back to the mother whom he adored and the father whose dreams he envied—"What dreams he must have had!"—with much tenderness, but the saving grace of humor lightens what might have become sentimentality, until, when he says: "The purity of a Southern woman is unlike any other purity ever known to mankind," one is willing to admit that even that fits into the picture.

Except for occasional asides on morality and aesthetics there is little in this story of boyhood to foreshadow the author that was to come. But one reads here of "a sensual love of life, of surfaces, of words with a rich flavor on the tongue, colors, the soft texture of the skin of women, the play of muscles through the bodies of men." That is significant of the future, for Sherwood Anderson has written often of such riches. Also he sets down: "There is something of the actor in me." But whether as a boy his fancy told him that he would look at our

industrial age differently from other men he does not know. "But of one thing I am quite certain," he writes; "in all my life I have never for a moment subscribed to the philosophy of life as set forth by the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Yale*, 'Upward and Onward,' 'The White Man's Burden,' etc." The period of uncertainty came to him as it comes to all men, and with it came sexual unrest and the desire to play a brave part before the dull-witted teamsters and warehouse employees who surrounded him. It was about this time, in Chicago, that he began to walk the streets at night, to take stock of life round about him, and to speculate on the words he heard and the faces he saw. In these solitary wanderings the novelist came to the surface.

The rich loam of experience soon produced much meditation. Mr. Anderson began to think about the relation of industry to living, and to wonder why men abandoned themselves to routine slavery. "I have always understood horses better than men," he writes. "It's easier. . . . I had always been drawn toward horses, dogs, and other animals, and among people had cared most for simple folk who made no pretense of having an intellect, workmen who in spite of the handicaps put in their way by modern life still loved the materials in which they worked, who loved the play of hands over materials, who followed instinctively a force outside themselves they felt to be greater and more worthy than themselves—women who gave themselves to physical experiences with grave and fine abandon, all people, in fact, who lived for something outside themselves, for materials in which they worked, for people other than themselves, things over which they made no claim of ownership." And farther on, carried away by his convictions, he remarks: "To the workman his materials are as the face of his god seen over the rim of the world. His materials are the promise of the coming of God to the workman. . . . Some day the workmen will come back to their materials, out of the sterile land of standardization. . . . The day of rediscovery of man by man may not be so far off as we fancy. Has there not been, in our own time, a slackening of the impulse toward purely material ends? Has not the cry for success and material growth become already a bore to the average American?"

When the time came for Sherwood Anderson to seize his materials they proved to be words and he wooed them like a lover. They are associated in his mind with the use of hands. "The arts are after all but the old crafts intensified, followed with religious fervor and determination by men who love them, and deep down within him perhaps every man wants more than anything else to be a good craftsman. Surely nothing in the modern world has been more destructive than the idea that man can live without the joy of hands and mind combined in craftsmanship, that men can live by the accumulation of moneys, by trickery. In the crafts alone one may exercise all one's functions. The body comes in, the mind comes in, all the sensual faculties become alive."

Sherwood Anderson is a sensualist in the best meaning of the word, as has already been amply proved in other books, when he caresses words and phrases, or embraces a woman, or recalls "the rich, fragrant smell of things" on farm and race-course. His contempt for the industrial age has its foundation in the fact that it perverts the senses to slavish uses and makes of man a machine. He writes much in this book about changing America; he reminds his reader often that the artist is still in bondage, unable to become the child of fancy because of his money-making, but his meditations on this subject, which come mostly in the latter half of the book, do not always carry conviction. We can sympathize with his hatred of the machine-made tale, built about a plot or made to point a moral, and with his desire to get at the "actuality of life" and to make comprehensible some of the intangible relationships of human beings. But we are reminded that he wrote most after a pattern in those early days when he was in bondage to an advertising concern, and that he has voiced his lament most eloquently in these later years when he has been com-

paratively free to reach out for the heart of things. He is at his best in this book, as elsewhere, in his plain narrative of experiences among human beings—such is the story of Judge Turner, of Alonzo Berners, and of Nate Lovett—for he has a simple, direct, and fragrant prose which is the best proof of his contention that the plain words that fit a situation are the only living words; and he is least successful when he tries to make these experiences and observations the basis for long and often unoriginal generalizations. But if we judge the book in the light of its function, we have to agree that it presents most accurately the mental growth of the man who wrote not only "Windy McPherson's Son" but also "The Triumph of the Egg" and "Many Marriages." In the field of literary autobiography it stands practically alone in America.

HARRY HANSEN

Cornelia Among the Roughnecks

My Dear Cornelia. By Stuart P. Sherman. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.50.

Points of View. By Stuart P. Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

AMONG the things that make a critic provocative and important three may, perhaps, particularly be mentioned. He may be interesting by virtue of the range, acuteness, and vividness of his impressions. He may hold attention by the weight and lucidity of the philosophy of life and letters which informs his specific observations. He may on the basis of his own inventive prose and fancy be a charming, seductive writer.

Mr. Sherman has long been recognized for the sharpness and precision of his perceptions; even when one disagrees with his valuations one admires the accuracy with which he discloses the native essence of the writer or idea he loves or hates. He has likewise long been vilified or glorified for the general philosophy of life and criticism which lies implicit in every theme he handles and every paper he writes. In "My Dear Cornelia" Mr. Sherman seems to me to have added a new dimension to his reputation as a writer. He has turned criticism into congenial fiction and made ideas the living and persuasive voices of characters themselves living and persuasive, whatever their ideas may be.

Mr. Sherman has long been set up by what he himself calls the young Mohawks as an organ of reaction, a frowner upon life and freedom, a propagandist for the academic, the formal, and the dead. In the light of these two recent books it might be well to consider what his actual position is. Mr. Sherman is, if the term still means anything, a classicist. He is interested in those permanent residua of perfections in form, clarities in thought, and rationalities in ways of life that appear and reappear in the history of literature, and make certain writers of all ages brothers and contemporaries. He loves grace in life and urbanity in letters. He thinks they are the fruit of a discipline in living and an Askesis in thought. He is an enemy of spontaneity in so far as it leads to chaos; he hates freedom only in so far as it leads to foolishness. He regards reason as the gardening process in a weedy world.

There are many things in contemporary literature that seem to Mr. Sherman rank weeds, and he has often in the past spoken astringently of them. He has dealt hard blows against writers like D. H. Lawrence, Ben Hecht, and James Joyce, who seemed to him to have made a perverse cult of an animalism that may be the basis of life but is not its fruit. He has faced with apprehension the disintegration in prose, the loathsomeness in subject-matter, and the helter-skelterism in life which seem to him to be the leitmotifs of the "emetic" school of fiction. He has contended against these things not because he has felt that they were wrong puritanically but because they seem to him to be obstacles to that rounded and perfected beauty which constitutes success in the arts and in the art of life.

He has, in the person of Cornelia, presented this doctrine in a winning dramatic garb. Cornelia is a lovely, albeit narrow lady, living in a smooth and lovely world. From the walled garden of her wealth and social position—she is the wife of a talented and successful diplomat—she surveys with alarm the invasions threatening her fastidious Greek temple of a cosmos. She hates the insurgent romanticism that makes her daughter want to marry a charming boy without any prospects in preference to a civilized and settled gentleman. She hates to see her daughter smoke cigarettes and bob her hair; she cannot brook the thought of her son drinking things out of flasks. She hates, in so far as so elegant a person can hate, emetic novelists; the stupidities of the plain people; the miscellaneous roughneckedness (how Cornelia would hate the phrase) of the contemporary world. She flees to Communion and Saints' Days' and the Anglican Church for an inner peace that the outer scene no longer affords. Cornelia hates democracy much as Plato hated it, because it is hoodlum and bedlam. Life to her must be always a clean Parthenon of reason.

The professor, the amiable protagonist in these witty and sometimes poetic dialogues, courteously and deferentially suggests the reasons why this retreat to an edifice of traditional reason is impossible. He is the partial defender of the uneasy or bumptious flutterings of the younger generation. The two children, Oliver and Dorothy, are the outspoken crumblers of the old order. The professor, whose opinions seem most like Mr. Sherman's, stand midway. He knows what Cornelia is driving at, and loves the preciousnesses she is trying to preserve. But he knows also that she is shutting her eyes to many of the inviting possibilities that lie outside her tight and polite universe. He knows that she is shutting herself out of more than she is shutting herself into.

Cornelia, elegant, gracious, and unyielding, represents for Mr. Sherman, one infers, the conservative viewpoint at its best. She longs for conservation of the defined traditional values, unmarred by the wild, weird, or irruptive new ones. The children are lithe and clear-headed spokesmen of the essential pagan idealism which lies at the heart of the young revolt.

Mr. Sherman intimates that he thinks the young are doing something more than shattering the tables of the law; they are moving toward a temple of their own. Says Oliver:

We get our line out of books and out of the air; some of it we think out ourselves, and a little of it we get out of Hoover and Lane and what father calls the "Western roughneck crowd. . . ." We're sick of war; we don't think it's sensible; and we're sick of supermen; and we're sick of belonging to the privileged class. We believe in the real square deal and good sportsmanship and common sense, and common decency, and health and hygiene and science and beauty and—and a lot of things like that. . . .

These conversations with Cornelia and her children seem to me an unusually successful attempt to turn current controversy to something at once, clear, humane, and entertaining.

"Points of View," in which Mr. Sherman dons his more familiar critical habit, is a miscellany of essays on current social and literary phenomena: American Style, Sinclair Lewis, Where There Are No Rotarians, Brander Matthews, and Gertrude Stein. For Mr. Sherman literary and social and moral phenomena are indissolubly connected, and one is conscious in these essays how much of his attention is occupied with the moral needs of our time. Mr. Sherman has a more passionate concern than most literary commentators with moral issues. Discipline in life and form in art are for him the twin principles of a moral Askesis. The most telling essay in the book is the one that opens it and sets its mood. What are the materials of our civilization, the things that really move us, that we spend our money on? Cleanliness, health, intelligence, swift mobility, playing the game, and publicity. Out of these we might make something clean and beautiful if we would. But that clean beauty can be attained only by a lopping off of irrelevance and by disciplining ourselves to our ends.

Out of our operative national faiths we can develop something like the Greek runner and the Greek marble ideal of life. But it was a disciplined athletic asceticism that made these possible. Our life and our literature, Mr. Sherman suggests, need the same thing.

It is not an unamiable ideal. Mr. Sherman's antagonists come mainly from those who see the beauty of flashes of undisciplined rapture, and love Byron no less than Adonis. Mr. Sherman looks at life as more than a moment, and sees success in life as no less than a disciplined art.

IRWIN EDMAN

Racial Unrealities

Racial Realities in Europe. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

The Mediterranean Races. By Marion I. Newbigin. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

THOSE who defend the opera omnia of Mr. Stoddard against attacks made upon them by the ribald are apt to set up the defense against his slipshod methods and conclusions that he has humanized an obscure subject of study which formerly lay forgotten in the *Preussische Jahrbücher für Anthropologie*, and that he therefore has rendered a signal service to the cause of the great Nordic Triumph.

I recommend to such enthusiasts a simultaneous perusal of the two books listed above. Of Miss Newbigin I know nothing beyond what the publisher tells me. But I shall order whatever other books she has written, for I find in this one volume a neatly ordered mind and that respect for facts (good, bad, and indifferent) which makes me suspect that the excellent lady is right, or about as right as anybody can ever hope to be. The story of the Mediterranean lands is not particularly new. People began to write about them as early as the Trojan war. It seemed that everything which could be told had been told. But no, here we get the same facts, recomposed in such a fashion that the resultant symphony pleases our ears and delights our brain.

And then we turn to Mr. Stoddard's latest (if it still is his latest) Ode to the Nordic, and the irritation begins. "More and more we are coming to realize the fundamental importance of race in human affairs." Am I reading the literary pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* or have I stumbled upon the advertisements? "More and more we are coming to realize the fundamental importance of central heating (or sauerkraut-three-times-a-week, or dental-floss, or silk-underwear, or blood-pressure, or Listerine) in human affairs." I have so often said what I think of those books, indeed of this entire branch of erudition devoted to white-man propaganda, that it becomes boring. Besides, the esteemed *Saturday Evening Post*, with that profound contempt for brutal truth which characterizes everything which bears the name of Curtis upon the title-page, will continue to dish up this badly prepared pabulum for the sake of popular applause, and what is a still little voice in the arid wastes of *The Nation* against the clamorous millions of the Paradise of Profit?

But I will try to repeat my objections as concisely as possible. I am no great lover of the human brotherhood if I have to sit in the same room with all the brethren and sisters of all the many and variegated nations of this earth. I am not at my ease, for example, with the honest Hindus from Bombay whose long brown fingers, playing with a simple teaspoon, can drive me into a nervous condition which is almost unbelievable. From a long struggle with the Genus *Hibernicus* I have come to dislike the inhabitants of that sea-green island until the slightest murmur of a brogue makes me look for the nearest exit, fully determined to run and not walk to the door if my fears should be verified by the inevitable paean of praise to the Holy Saints and the Sovereign Republic. But I fully realize that these sentiments on my part are silly prejudices, based

upon nothing more sound than my ancestral dislike of cheese or my personal horror of spiders. For cheese is an excellent item upon our bill of fare, and spiders are useful animals because they eat up flies, and the poor creatures who invade my workshop cannot know that I would rather have the flies (which can be dry-killed) than the spiders, which are as messy in death as they are hairy and horrible in life. If I were to take these prejudices and turn them into a foundation upon which to erect a brand-new racial theory devoted to a careful exposition of my own superiority to the Hindu and the Irish I would (as far as I can see) contribute something almost as useful to human progress as the works of the new school of "racial realities."

Realities indeed! The poor innocents who spend their nickels upon this stuff believe that it represents a sound piece of investigation, that the conclusions stand like the rock of Gibraltar and the multiplication table, that there is such a thing as "racial realities," and that the scientists are greatly worried about it. Of course they are, but only because they appreciate that in the field of race we still know practically nothing and know that we shall know practically nothing for a long time to come. To take this ignorance and reevaluate it into knowledge, to take hypotheses and turn them into established facts, is a variety of historical adulteration which in the end may prove almost as dangerous as similar experiments with sausage and Scotch whiskey.

Science is not like poker. Around the poker-table the chips have only such value as the players have agreed upon beforehand. If it pleases the cheerful company the red chips can be called purple and the purple ones green and the green ones red. But in the department of provable fact a red chip is always red, a green is always green, and a purple is always purple. The new Nordic Edda (of which "Racial Realities" is only one short canto) is a most flattering contribution to the pride of the Original Settlers, and from a purely charitable point of view I would say the more of these books the merrier. But let us be honest and say that their contents are meant as a substitute for the old oratory of the Fourth of July and must not be taken too seriously. In that case the hollow-chested, emaciated, morally decrepit new-comer may even join in the celebration. But for heaven's sake let us know to what sort of party we have been invited.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

A Victorian Genius

Selected Papers on Anthropology, Travel, and Exploration. By Sir Richard Burton. Edited and annotated by N. M. Penzer. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$4.

AMONG all the enthusiastic appreciators of Sir Richard Burton there has been none more persistent, more determined in his efforts to obtain justice for him than Mr. Penzer. Whether he had any personal knowledge of his hero I have not been able to determine. I was a friend of both Sir Richard and Lady Burton from the year 1885 until their deaths, in 1890 and 1895. But I am now sixty-six, and Mr. Penzer, I believe, is considerably younger.

It is a little difficult for me to understand how and why Burton created such vivid animosity in certain directions. I have related in my own autobiography and even in one or two of my novels how I came to know this really great man. I was quite young when I first met him at a dinner party, but I had already grown enthusiastic over his books on Africa and Arabia. I was entranced by his reception of me, and at intervals in the five following years became increasingly a friend of Sir Richard and Lady Burton. Never had I known such hosts at a London dinner party, such fellow-guests at a great House. Burton and his wife were themselves the most delightful hosts. They were able to make all their guests interesting by drawing them out in whatever direction they had specialized. Away

from Burton one realized that he lived far in advance of the average thoughts of his day. Yet his wife—extraordinary as it seems—was an ardent Roman Catholic. One met at their table great ecclesiastics as well as great agnostic exponents of modern science. Burton, from the fifties onward, was not appreciated or well treated by the heads of the British Foreign Office; yet the subheads, the young and middle-aged men who were growing up concurrently into positions of great influence and authority at that office, had the highest opinion of him. How on earth the authorities of Great Britain failed to appoint him in his later life British Minister at the Court of Morocco I have never been able to understand, remembering as I do the types who were sent there after the death of Sir John Drummond Hay.

That, I think, was the great disappointment of Burton's life. His talents, his researches, had captivated the intelligence of the late Lady Salisbury. It was she—one always understood—who had moved most effectively in 1885 to secure him recognition from Queen Victoria as a K.C.M.G.; though her husband, the great Lord Salisbury, was in no way averse to him—an appreciator, on the contrary. Yet Burton remained to the day of his death very poorly treated by the Foreign Office. The climate of Trieste did not agree with his health, nor were its small emoluments any compensation. They were chiefly spent by Burton in obtaining efficient assistance from a vice-consul. He remained, in fact, a very poor man down to the publication of the first six volumes of the "Arabian Nights." A few years later he had a stroke and was obliged to call into his household a young doctor (now an elderly man, but still living, and still an enthusiastic Burtonian), whose constant care kept him alive for two or three years longer, during which time he completed the supplementary volumes of his "Arabian Nights" and considered the question of publishing translations of French translations or free renderings of Persian prose poems.

It is said that these were of scandalous lubricity. Possibly this would seem an exaggerated description today. But Burton's translations of the French were destroyed after his death by his wife and his wife's sister, whether justifiably or not we cannot determine.

In conversation I never heard Burton dwell other than anthropologically upon the sexual questions affecting man's progress and his divagations. He and I (though there was such a great disproportion of years between us) were intensely interested in languages, particularly in the great Bantu speech-family of Africa and its possible connections in a far distant past with language families of Mozambique and the Mediterranean shores, with the Asiatic languages of today, and with the Romance tongues of present time and of the Dark Ages as they emerged from popular Latin. In such a direction as this he was an entrancing person to meet, and he was always human enough to appreciate a good lunch or a well-chosen dinner or an evening at the theater. But he was keen and critical as to the works of Diez and Gaston Paris.

Things that he said to me in the five years of our acquaintance remain vividly in my mind. He was so modern-minded that we have only now come up to date with him. My remembrance even of his remarks about the telephone, about the advances of photography, or even about such details as the possible improvement of the bicycle (the bone-shaker of 1889), or the making of motor cars (then almost uncreated) makes me feel that, if the impossible could happen, he would fit rapidly into his place among us at the present day.

The essays of Burton included in this book are mostly new to me. They consist of "Early Days in Sind," written down somewhere about 1851; "The Guidebook to Mecca," issued as a pamphlet in 1865; "A Trip to Harar" (published in 1855), "Notes on Scalping" (1864), "A Day amongst the Fans" (1863), "Notes on the Dahoman," "Chapters from Travel" (in Syria), "Notes on Rome" (1875), "Spiritualism in Eastern Lands" (1878), and "An Essay on Belzoni," the Italian Egyptologist

who afterward died exploring Benin and the Niger delta. This selection shows the wide range of Burton's studies and explorations: from the very heart of the United States at a time when its inter-communications were distracted by civil war; from the tangled recesses of the African continent to the town of Mecca, almost unapproachable for a Christian at the present day, though Burton visited it in thin disguise as a nominal Mohammedan; from this, that, and the other little-known and scarcely described district of western India to Rome, which had just ceased to be Papal, and to Palmyra, lost in the sands of desert Syria.

In addition we must remember that Burton spent several years as a consul in Brazil exploring the courses of Brazilian rivers; that he knew intimately France and Italy, Spain and Portugal—he spoke and translated Portuguese like a master; that he was well acquainted with most parts of England and Ireland; that he fought in the Crimean War; and that he closely followed the discoveries of palaeontology. Surely such a career as this would seem unusually great and varied and instinct with genius at the present day, thirty-four years after Burton's death. It was still more wonderful thirty-four years ago, and Mr. Penzer is to be thanked for placing before us the articles we find in this book.

H. H. JOHNSTON

War and the Willing Victim

Plumes. By Laurence Stallings. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

ONE may, if he likes, call Mr. Stallings's novel propaganda. Doubtless the author would never have striven so passionately to communicate his personal disillusion had he not hoped to convince others of the futility of war and to do something to make it impossible. But some of the qualities which render the book more effective than most as propaganda also help to raise it to the level of art. There is, above all, no undue simplification of the case, no tendency to make of any single factor like capitalism or industry or patriotism a scapegoat and thus to simplify the thinking of pacifists as the thinking of the average citizen was simplified by the convenient assumption that the Kaiser was, in his own person, the only remaining obstacle to universal brotherhood; instead there is a comprehensive recognition of the interlocking factors which make war possible and a frank acceptance of the fact that the reconstruction which must precede permanent peace is as much a reconstruction of individual human minds as a reconstruction of governmental systems. Richard Plume, struggling with the problems of a wounded veteran in a post-war society and trying at the same time to understand the causes, external and internal, which made him a victim, is no mere lay figure invented to illustrate a dogmatist's point. He is a very real man, suffering a real perplexity, and paying the penalties of real but humanly forgivable defects.

Surely this Richard, actually glad in the beginning to leave his instructorship and his wife to seek in France the romance of combat, is more typical of the soldier than the now more familiar figure of the completely unwilling victim of capitalistic greed or political trickery. Like countless others, Richard had in his veins the blood of fighters; none of his ancestors had ever possessed more than twenty-five thousand dollars and none had ever had much either to win or lose materially, yet each had gone forth gladly under Jackson or Lee to fight the battles of those who had more tangible things at stake. Each was, if you like, a victim of material interests; but not one was in any sense an unwilling victim because each in his heart believed that war was a noble activity and was willing enough that others should find some excuse to set it going. All brought mutilated limbs back to ruined homes, but as they sat useless in chimney corners and recounted their deeds to admiring listeners none ever doubted that the glory was worth the price paid for it.

War is a trick which the powerful few play upon the feeble many, but it is a trick which can never be forestalled until the instinct through which it works is eradicated. No political scheming and no industrial greed could drive a people to fight if that people were not glad of the opportunity; unfortunately the socialist's dreams of economic reorganization are nearer to realization than the destruction of that fighting instinct which the reconstructed world will still have to reckon with. Thousands will still be willing, like Richard, to leave wife and children and job behind to embark upon the glorious adventure even though they half realize that they are both fools and villains and, even after disillusion has come, will be hardly willing to admit, as Richard's biologist friend tells him he must admit if he is to extricate himself from the dilemma, "that all your suffering comes to exactly the same thing that might have been gained from a fall under a freight train when attempting to steal a ride." That is a bitter proposition for any one to accept, bitter not only because of personal pride but bitter, too, because it means the surrender of the high hope that real heroism must be somehow good and because it makes the world a sadder and a flatter place by robbing it of certain spiritual values inherent in the idea of a great struggle for non-personal ends. Yet the most that the optimist can reasonably hope is that the proposition is now nearer to being accepted than it ever was before. "Pshaw!" says one of the characters to Richard, "who ever heard of an old soldier who did not creep home to romance about his wounds? My own father, I remember, was thirty years choosing a literary mode for his own wound at Yellow Tavern." But Richard Plume, though he could not escape the illusion which led him to follow his ancestors to battle, will at least never romanticize his folly.

Neither Mr. Stallings's style nor his manner is particularly original or distinctive, but they furnish a clear medium by means of which his thought and passion are communicated. No one, that is to say, could maintain on the evidence of this book that he is a great novelist or predict with certainty that he could create another important novel; but there is, on the other hand, no denying the fact that at least one experience has moved him deeply and that he has been able to set it forth in an intensely interesting story. Nor, if we consider the novel as propaganda, is the fact that it is stylistically unmannered to be regretted. The extreme of the naturalistic style, with its heaping of horror upon horror and the exploitation of ugliness as a form of beauty, has been chosen by most contemporary writers when describing war, but it is itself a form of romanticism. The thesis of a book so written may be easily dismissed by an unsympathetic reader as part of a literary device; but no one, not even the most convinced of patrioteers, could read so straightforward and unvarnished a tale as "Plumes" without being just a little shaken by the truths which it reveals.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An Anthropologist Kidnapped

Social Organization. By W. H. R. Rivers. Edited by W. J. Perry. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

HAD Rivers lived, his definitive work on social organization would have been little short of an event in ethnology. As it stands, the fragmentary treatise presents a carefully reasoned and lucidly written summary of some of the outstanding facts and theories in the field of primitive society and politics. Unfortunately it is only too apparent that the piece is but a skeleton of the much more comprehensive work for the writing of which Rivers was so splendidly equipped.

What is said about the clan, for example, will barely suffice for a freshman course in anthropology, while the important subject of totemism, to which the author in other publications has contributed both critically and constructively, is scarcely touched upon. A much-needed summary of the history of social organization breaks off midway in the most

disconcerting fashion. Rivers deserves great credit for an exceedingly illuminating consideration of the difficult problem of kinship and relationship. His sketch will be more acceptable to the unprofessional reader than Lowie's discussion in "Culture and Ethnology," and it is simpler than Rivers's own "Kinship and Social Organization."

Even in so compressed a treatment more diversified illustrative data would have been welcome. Melanesian material, with which Rivers had first-hand acquaintance, is disproportionately stressed. Africa receives some attention, but America scarcely enough. Also, a couple of errors have crept in: the Haida (of Queen Charlotte Islands) not merely are divided into two moieties but have in addition numerous clans which are distributed between the two exogamous halves; and a chief among the Iroquois may never be succeeded by his son, the succession being strictly matrilineal. Yet by and large the treatise is excellent and will prove most useful.

And now a word about the really unique feature of the book. I refer to Appendix III: The Dual Organization, written by W. J. Perry, the editor—a fact which, in justice to Rivers, should have been indicated in the table of contents. This kidnapping of a competent ethnologist by a group of dogmatizing amateurs stands out as a truly pathetic episode in Rivers's career. The tale is worth the telling.

Rivers's early contributions to ethnology were marked by methodological rigor. In particular he earned recognition by introducing the so-called genealogical method, which proved most fruitful in the study of social and ceremonial organization. Thus his studies of kinship and social groupings among the Torres Straits islanders, as well as his masterful exposition of the highly complex ceremonialism of the Todas of Southern India, firmly established him in the foremost rank of English anthropologists. Later came his preoccupation with the problems of kinship and relationship systems. With these theoretical interests he undertook a field survey of certain island groups in Melanesia. Here he was confronted with a highly complex cultural situation, and in his attempt to interpret what he saw he was prompted to make most ingenious if equally hazardous use of the hypothesis of cultural diffusion, with the result that his "History of Melanesian Society" (in two volumes) stands unique in the entire domain of ethnology, not alone for its speculative acumen but also for its total futility; the entire elaborate structure is but a house of cards.

During this period Rivers became acquainted with the daring speculations of G. Elliot Smith, a famous anatomist, whose most commendable labors on ancient Egyptian skulls were suddenly succeeded by ruthless and uncritical excursions into the domain of civilization. The main elements of his theory are no longer foreign to the reading public. Civilization goes back to Egypt of the fifth dynasty. There we find the ruling family of Heliopolis, the Children of the Sun. There also thrived Perry's "Archaic Civilization" with its dual organization and totemism, its agriculture and irrigation, its megalithic monuments, including the pyramids; its polished stone implements, its mining activities and pearl fisheries, its gold, its Sun worship, its mummification of the dead. From there the Children of the Sun went forth into the world, and, although their own preoccupation was with gold, pearls, and life-giving shells, civilization went along.

And Rivers capitulated. He beheld the Children of the Sun and was lost. Without ever accepting the Smith-Perry mythological epic in its entirety, he went far enough to become thoroughly perplexing to the initiated and confusing to the uninitiated.

In "Social Organization," however, Rivers wisely refrained from ultimate interpretations. Throughout, his speculative thrusts are extremely reserved. The book, in short, can be safely passed on to the young. And now, without word of warning, this sketch of The Dual Organization by Perry (incognito)! I confess that in the face of such a performance

I find it difficult to preserve scientific calm. For, apart from the inherent absurdity of the entire doctrine, the inclusion of so highly speculative a theory in a book which attempts the modest task of stating in simple language what is known of primitive social organization must be characterized as nothing short of preposterous.

ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

More "Avowals"

Conversations in Ebury Street. By George Moore. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

Pure Poetry. An Anthology. Edited by George Moore. London: The Nonesuch Press. 17s. 6d.

Wrap Me Up in My Aubusson Carpet. By John Middleton Murry. Greenberg. \$1.

MR. MOORE talks and meditates upon all manner of subjects: education, a national theater, "objective" and "subjective" poetry, Balzac, Anne Brontë, the members of the New English Art Club, Baudelaire, Mr. Hardy, St. Paul's possible authorship of a passage in Acts, the engaging Monsieur Dujardin, the burning of Moore Hall, and other equally unrelated themes. The threads which bind these miscellaneous topics together are Mr. Moore's personality and his point of view. He is somewhat too willing to admit that his book was prompted by the need to make a volume to take the place of the suppressed "Impressions and Opinions" in the collected edition of his works. The book lacks any such dominant motif as that which runs so sinuously through his earlier volume of conversations, the famous "Avowals." It is an informal collection of impressions, ideas, opinions, and notions. A large portion is occupied with an attempt to do for the New English Art Club what he did in "Hail and Farewell" for the Irish Literary Movement. Several of the members—Steer, Tonks, and the rest—are portrayed in lively fashion yet with an affection which the touches of inoffensive satire do not disguise. The dialogue with Mr. Granville-Barker on the need of a national theater will interest Londoners more than Americans. Since it was written progress has, I believe, been made toward the fulfilment of that need. The concluding meditation upon the burning of Moore Hall by the Irish "rebels" is in Mr. Moore's best manner, quite worthy to rank with the last pages of the "Memoirs of My Dead Life."

Some of the opinions on literature are challenging; all are interesting. Mr. Moore has nothing new to say on Balzac, but he manages to say the old things in a new way by passing under review the minor pieces and leaving aside the great novels. The American edition of the "Conversations," by the way, reprints from "Avowals" the lecture in French on Balzac which was delivered years ago in Paris. This is not included in Heinemann's exquisite limited edition. Its inclusion in the ordinary edition results in a sad break in the harmony of the Ebury Street atmosphere. One assumes that it was reprinted by way of atonement for the miserable hash made of the French in Messrs. Boni and Liveright's edition of "Avowals." The dialogue with Mr. Freeman and Mr. De la Mare on "Pure Poetry" prompted the Nonesuch Press to invite Mr. Moore to edit an anthology containing the poems thought worthy to deserve that high and chaste adjective. For his anthology Mr. Moore wrote an introduction in which he tells of his early interest in poetry, reprints the conversation with his friends, and adds some remarks upon the objective and subjective in the arts, drawing his illustrations from the art of painting. The thesis propounded by Mr. Moore and (apparently) accepted by his interlocutors is that only "things" have in them a lasting quality, while ideas and opinions change from age to age; that therefore poetry which is concerned with the poet's own thoughts and aspirations has in it the taint of mortality; and that the only "pure" poetry is that which mirrors with absolute objectivity the external world. If that be so there is very little "pure" poetry in the world, a conclusion

which this slender anthology serves to support, for it would not be difficult to indicate "subjective" passages even in the songs of Shakespeare and Blake which are thought worthy of inclusion. The thesis does not amount to much; but the introduction is a delight and the anthology is a beautiful piece of book-making.

Not many people will agree with Mr. Moore in his whimsical laudation of the merits of Anne Brontë, whom he rates more highly than either of her sisters; or in his perverse blindness to the greatness of Baudelaire. He hints a fault and hesitates dislike of Joseph Conrad, whom, however, he refrains from treating roughly on the ground that "Mr. Conrad is our guest," a stranger in England. But he denies him "a place in English literature" for the truly astonishing reason that to win such a place a man must bring "into the language something that was not there before"; or "something latent in the language must be raised to the surface." But surely Conrad's claim rests upon the fact that he *has* brought to the surface qualities latent in the language but hitherto not apparent upon the surface. To argue with Mr. Moore is, however, fruitless; his mission is to tease, to irritate, to suggest, to inspire; neither to convince nor to be convinced.

They talk with quiet, easy dignity in Ebury Street; with something of a quaint formality that is never pompous though often a trifle self-conscious. The tone of these conversations is for the most part the most mellow, affable, and kindly to be found in any of Mr. Moore's books. The pity is the greater that he permitted himself the luxury of the attack which it contains upon Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy is not sacrosanct, and there is no reason why the defects in his style should not be discussed and exposed. Mr. Moore's criticism is at times acute and justified; at times exaggerated and perverse. Much of it might be answered were it worth while. But he should not have condescended to the personalities with which this discussion closes, in which he pictures Mr. Hardy as arrogating to himself a position in the hierarchy of literature in the same rank with Aeschylus and Shakespeare. The accusation is a piece of very bad interpretation of character and is in exceedingly bad taste. The best way to meet it is with a shrug of the shoulders, for it is "just Mr. Moore's way." Mr. J. Middleton Murry is, however, not so tolerant and philosophical, and he has turned upon George Moore with a venomous and vituperative fury which would scarcely be justified had Mr. Moore committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. So shrewish and ranting and fishwife-like is this attack that Mr. Murry contrives to turn all our sympathies to the object of his hysterical denunciations. One is puzzled by his sneer that Mr. Moore makes a virtue of his necessity and, having few readers, issues his books in costly limited editions. Considering that the "Conversations" is published in the ordinary way at a moderate price and that Mr. Murry's reply is in an edition limited to five hundred copies, one fails to grasp the point of this remark.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Political Science Passe

American Democracy Today and Other Essays on Politics and Government. By William Starr Myers. Princeton University Press. \$1.75.

MR. MYERS was one of the personal appointees of Woodrow Wilson in his preceptorial system and in his own department at Princeton, and his political views very largely coincide with those expressed in Mr. Wilson's books, which are amply quoted and cited here. During and following the war he was one of the foremost sources of aid and encouragement to the embattled women's clubs and other organizations of this type; his "Socialism and American Ideals" (1918) was perhaps the most conspicuous academic extenuation offered to the Palmer atrocities—second only to Calvin Coolidge's "Reds in the American Colleges" as a fervid and feeling warning against the inroads of Sovietism in the land consecrated to conservatism,

safety, and sanity by the tradition of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, Franklin, Tom Paine, Hancock, and Jefferson. The present work, however, has been toned down greatly, and there is evidence that Mr. Myers no longer looks under his bed nightly for a bomb-laden emissary from Lenin or Debs.

The topics covered in the book are the trends and major problems in contemporary American democracy; constitutional changes and amendments; the function, powers, and relationships of the three departments of the federal government; the weaknesses of contemporary State governments; and the political party as the indispensable mechanism of representative government. The book represents approximately the stage of political analysis reached in Wilson's "Congressional Government"—being an account of governmental machinery and its workings, with little or no attention to the basic underlying factors of an economic, social, geographical, or psychological type. There is no evidence here that the juristically immaculate department of political science at Princeton has been defiled by an intrusion of the interests represented by Beard, Bentley, Lippmann, Laski, or Wallas. Yet the work is not without value as a readable brief résumé. Among the pertinent subjects suggestively discussed are the mixture of races and cultures in America as a problem in democratic and representative government; the wide differences in mental capacity among the various members of our population, with the bearing of this on the validity and practicability of democracy; the desirability of restriction of suffrage on the basis of an intelligence and educational test; the tendency toward over-centralization in our federal system, produced as much by the incompetence and default of State government as by federal aggression; the necessity of more adequate presidential leadership in legislative matters, something which was notably forwarded by Roosevelt and especially by Wilson; the decline in the intelligence and morale of the Senate since the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment providing for direct election of senators; the irrational system of equality of State representation in the Senate; the committee system as the dominant technique of congressional government; the lack of adequate discretionary power in representatives; the necessity of a scientific budget system to check wasteful expenditures; the desirability of maintaining the independence of the federal judiciary; the burlesque of contemporary State government in the United States; and political parties as the dynamic and unifying factor in contemporary political life.

But students of political and social science would accord less unanimous approval to some of the following statements and implications. "The mere sight of the pushing, shoving crowd of human cattle (in the New York subway), for that is what they are, is enough to make any person despair of the future of this country. But a closer look at the faces and actions of these same individuals shows that they are not American and do not know what America is, or that for which it stands." "It is a well-known fact that socialism has never appealed to the rank and file of the people of the United States, Great Britain, or the self-governing commonwealths of the British Empire." "Foreigners are swamping America and American institutions. . . . Mayor Hylan was elected by Italian, Irish, German, and other foreign blocs. . . . Senator La Follette, who poses as the leader of a radical agrarian movement, draws his main personal support from a large German socialist element in Wisconsin which showed its true character during the war, and never has been really Americanized." "The way to end 'tax exemptions' is completely to revise our income and other levies, and then capital automatically will flow into productive enterprise." "Even among the most extreme radical or socialist elements in British politics one seldom hears any questioning of loyalty to the Crown, or the expediency of its continuation as a part of the constitution and government. Its practical utility is established." Mr. Myers apparently would approve Washington's proposal to surround the President with regal splendor and ceremony. Imagine Calvin in gold and purple,

with crown and scepter! The Constitution of the United States is as adequate for the public control of a great industrial democracy as for the tiny agrarian republic that brought it into existence in 1787. "It is probable that reverence for the Constitution is just as important now as ever. . . . Reverence and respect for this remarkable document or form of government is well justified, and rests upon a sound basis of experience and reason." McKinley is included in the list of the seven Presidents of "outstanding power and popular influence"—Roosevelt compared him to a chocolate éclair. All proposals to meddle in any way with the present powers of the Supreme Court are severely frowned upon, even to the plan to require something beyond a bare majority in declaring significant and important legislation unconstitutional. Roosevelt's plan for a recall of judicial decisions is branded "a dangerous and destructive expedient." Few will dispute Mr. Myers's contention that appointment of judges is to be preferred to their election under modern political conditions, but he fails to call attention to the dangers in the appointive process when federal judges are selected upon the advice of an attorney general so distinguished for juristic erudition, legal acumen, broad and sympathetic grasp of social and economic principles, and objective, impersonal, and non-partisan attitude as the late Harry Mica-jah Daugherty. And in his analysis of parties he subscribes firmly to the Lowellian anachronism that the two-party system is the only natural and healthy basis and procedure in party government. The group system which dominates continental Europe and is making its way into England is explained on the ground of the political immaturity and incapacity of these states. But the great defect in his analysis of parties lies in his total lack of appreciation of what constitutes the rationale and basis of the emergence of parties and groups. Such information can be discovered only by consorting with Ratzenhofer, Beard, Michels, Brooks, Kales, and Wallas. In brief, the book as a whole may well be regarded as a brief epitaph to the Woodrovian era of political analysis which has run its course and is giving way to a consideration of the realities of political life.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Brandes's Goethe

Wolfgang Goethe. By Georg Brandes. Authorized translation from the Danish by Allen W. Porterfield. 2 vols. Nicholas L. Brown. \$10.

IT is the aim of this monumental work to interpret Goethe "as a profoundly human and magnificent personality," as "the incarnation of humanity at its loftiest," and as the "most superbly endowed human being in general that has concerned himself with literature since the days of the Renaissance"; and, furthermore, by avoiding "rubrics" (such as "Goethe as a dramatist" or "Goethe as a lyricist") to trace all his literary output "back to the history of his soul" and thus "dissolve" it "in psychology." The author could eagerly address himself to this enterprise because Goethe represents an age in which, in contrast with our own, interest centered on "proper development of the soul in accord with its inborn ability and innate power," and because ripe understanding of his message—as is strikingly evinced by Edouard Rod's essay on Goethe in 1898—has not even yet become universal among leaders of literary criticism.

In accordance with its underlying plan the book unrolls the development of Goethe's mind as reflected in his verse and prose, in his scientific publications, in his attitude to the great social and political problems of his day, and last but not least in his relations to his contemporaries. But the author does not stop there. He skilfully interweaves critical discussions of the lyrics, novels, and dramas. He brings to his task intimate familiarity with his material and that acumen which has made of him one of the pathfinders in modern criticism. His exceptional gift for literary interpretation nowhere comes bet-

ter to expression than in the discussion of "Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," and the second part of "Faust." Nowhere does profound realization of Goethe's greatness degenerate into idolatry nor criticism lapse into cavil. The most masterly chapters are perhaps those entitled Goethe and Voltaire and The Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge. The former with a few unerring strokes characterizes the two sovereigns of letters in the eighteenth century and reaches its climax in the antithesis: "Voltaire was all mind; Goethe was all nature." The latter chapter, by contrasting with Goethe on the one hand supreme artists like Rembrandt or Mozart, "whose gifts lay exclusively in an extraordinary ability to create life," and on the other scientists like Alexander von Humboldt or Darwin or a historian like Augustin Thierry, "who had great knowledge and great wisdom," who "sought and found," but who wholly lacked the ability "to create characters that live and move," comes to the conclusion that Goethe alone was "at once a fountain of life and an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge."

If in spite of its extraordinary advantages this work fails of being a truly great biography the reason lies in the fact that it falls between two stools. For the specialist will lay it down with a sense of disappointment. He will find little in it that is new. He will miss much in it that he must regard as vital—as, for instance, an adequate discussion of Goethe's letters, diaries, and conversations or of Goethe as a critic of literature or of art. He will stumble over inaccuracies such as the statement that Heinrich Meyer, Goethe's influential guide in matters of art, "could do no more than agree with him." The general reader, on the other hand, will balk at a book of a thousand pages which contains detailed reproductions of the contents of unimportant plays like "Die Geschwister," "Claudine von Villa Bella," or "Der Bürgergeneral" or of the tales in "Wilhelm Meister's Years of Travel," which goes into long discussions of the life and works of minor poets like Lenz and Klinger, and which discusses in full Duke Karl August's behavior toward Napoleon. A perusal of these pages more than ever inspires one with the feeling that the English-speaking world is entitled to a new Goethe biography representing a more modern method and doing justice to Goethe's supreme and many-sided message without lingering on what has lost its value for us. Calvin Thomas and Hume Brown failed to understand Goethe the artist; Benedetto Croce deals, though with rare brilliancy, with only a small part of Goethe's activity; while Gundolf's treatise, the most original of recent years—it still awaits translation—probably presupposes too close an intimacy with the famous German to appeal to a large English audience. Let us hope that someone will arise who will combine Mr. Brandes's rare acumen, sweep, and insight with a finer sense of selection.

The translation is fluent but lacks distinction. The reader's attention is all too frequently diverted by expressions like "which did not turn out any too well," "he had begun . . . to lave away the reality he had so loved," "he had emptied them on to the fatherland," "then he went in for Goethe with all his heart," "the scene . . . mixes program-like sensations." Moreover, the translator would have done well to introduce as footnotes renditions into English of the passages quoted in the text—a procedure which heightens the value of Mr. Ainslie's translation of Croce's "Goethe."

CAMILLO VON KLENZE

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but studies every aspect of his subject. He unites the wide range of the comparativist with the minute knowledge of the specialist. The foremost authority on the English language, he has also written about the musical tones in Chinese and has contributed much to general linguistic theory. He has even turned historian of his science and written appreciatively of his predecessors. Yet erudition is not his most salient characteristic. Other philologists carry in their holds a cargo as vast and various as Professor Jespersen's, but they do not carry it with such ease and grace. In him the scholar has not submerged the thinker; his knowledge of other men's ideas has not frightened him out of his own. He has not only learning but imagination, energy, humor, originality. A master of the footnote and the filing cabinet, he yet writes a lucid and vivacious English, and his books fizz with ideas.

His latest work, the "Philosophy of Grammar," is no exception. In it he reviews the usual practices of grammarians, presents his own views, and illustrates them with an abundance of quotations drawn from a number of languages, but chiefly from English. His main purpose is to discover the principles underlying the grammar of all languages, and thus to lay a solid foundation for the grammatical study of any language. In practice, however, he limits himself pretty strictly to the Indo-European group, to the great comfort of most readers, who would not care to follow him much farther afield. The book is, therefore, both prolegomena to his own "Modern English Grammar," which is already a philological classic, although only two volumes have so far been published, and a general introduction to the study of syntax.

For the traditional scheme of grammar Professor Jespersen has little respect. According to that scheme, which is of course variously modified by grammarians, the subject is treated in two main divisions, and the two are kept as much apart as possible. The first division, morphology, classifies words under the parts of speech and exhibits the flexional forms in paradigms. Word-formation, carefully distinguished from inflexion, is handled by itself. The second main division, syntax, groups the forms together under the syntactical categories of person, number, gender, case, comparison, mood, voice, tense, and the many sub-classifications, and then proceeds to explain how sentences are put together. The treatment is thus largely formal; relatively little is said about the meaning expressed by the forms and constructions, and that little is sometimes vague, misleading, or otherwise unsatisfactory. Although such a system will serve for the grammar of one's native language or of languages belonging to the same family, it is inadequate as a scientific exposition of linguistic structure and is even of little practical value in the case of a language of totally different structure. The great German philologist, Georg von der Gabelentz, seems to have been the first to attempt something better, and in his "Chinesische Grammatik" he treated syntax both from the standpoint of form and from that of meaning.

To von der Gabelentz Professor Jespersen is indebted for the basic idea from which he elaborates his own thoroughly original system. In that system he retains the terms "morphology" and "syntax," but uses them in a sense different from the one generally understood. The two divisions of grammar, in his scheme, treat the same grammatical facts, but morphology approaches them from the side of form and syntax from the side of function and meaning. His morphology, therefore, includes not only the flexional forms but also word-formation and the order of words in sentences. The arrangement is according to formal characteristics; the different ways of making the plurals of nouns, for example, are treated not together but under the different phonetic devices employed. In the syntax, on the other hand, the forms of the language are grouped together under the syntactical categories—all the different means of forming plurals, for instance, being brought under the syntactical category of number—and it then becomes the chief business of syntax to explain how the categories

express meaning—how ideas are run into grammatical molds.

So much for the general outline of his system. To fill in that outline—to discover the scope, uses, and meanings of the syntactical categories—calls for the greatest shrewdness, observation, and feeling for language. The bulk of Professor Jespersen's book is devoted to an examination of those notional categories that are expressed in the structure of the chief European languages and to tracing their curiously complex relations to syntactic phenomena. No short review can do justice to the insight and erudition displayed in every chapter, but even a short review must call attention to Professor Jespersen's distinction of the three syntactic ranks and to his masterly discussion of negation, the meaning of proper names, the difference between substantive and adjective, and the various kinds of nexus. Such work shows Professor Jespersen at his best, bringing vast learning, clear intelligence, and deep insight to the great task of understanding the ways of language.

GEORGE GENZMER

Eugene Field

Eugene Field's Creative Years. By Charles H. Dennis. Doubleday, Page and Company. \$4.

IF Chicago, as Mr. Mencken professes to believe, has become an important literary center, and if a vital literature is, as some others maintain, the child of the daily press, then few newspapers have done more for the cause of Western letters than the *Chicago Daily News*. It has brought out any number of well-known talents. It introduced an Ade. It remembers, though with qualified satisfaction, a Hecht. It employs a Sandburg. Yet its earliest and greatest boast remains a Field; and now we find Field suitably commemorated by the managing editor who has made so many other careers possible.

Mr. Dennis was at the helm of the *News* during some of Field's most productive years, and he writes out of a fulness of knowledge. There is little doubt that he often found his distinguished contributor a handful. Field was not to be treated simply as an employee: he had to be handled otherwise than as poet and paragrapher. He was to be considered as the head of a household, with erratic notions of finance; as a rabid bibliophile who was likely to wander into any eccentricity or excess; as an indefatigable copy-spinner whose discretion could not always be depended upon. His quick hand thrust itself out and drew back anything within range. An eminent librarian made a precious target; a group of friends among the clergy put him on his mettle; any notable literary visitor from the East became a shining mark; and his daily associates, along with his suburban friends and neighbors, lived in constant apprehension of what might be coming next. Such were some of the dribbling streams that contributed to the ceaseless flow of a free and varied invention. Over all this impish laboriousness hovered the blue pencil, in the hands of Field's present biographer; and the pencil was constantly asking itself: "How little *may* I do? How much *must* I do?" Field's natural tendency was to josh, to play the wag, to indulge in airy personalities, to fasten impertinent fabrications upon innocent bystanders. His jocularities, his waggishness, his practical jokes and wanton wiles are often grouped by Mr. Dennis under the single broad head of "merriment"—a decorous word, yet somehow cold and hollow; for Field's activities, even when somewhat trying, usually possessed the warmth and momentum of a genuine human impact.

Did this last attitude extend to childhood? Field still reigns in nursery and schoolroom by virtue of Little Boy Blue and other effusions; the point, therefore, becomes important. Mr. Dennis finds it so, and gives it a whole chapter. Doubt has been widespread; and Field's own declaration that he did not like all children has received due, perhaps undue, emphasis. Other biographers of Field have brought adverse testimony; but his present one is fully of the faith. He believes that while

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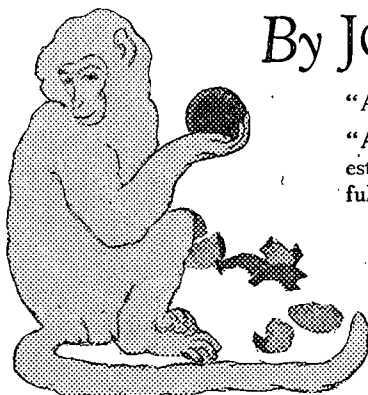
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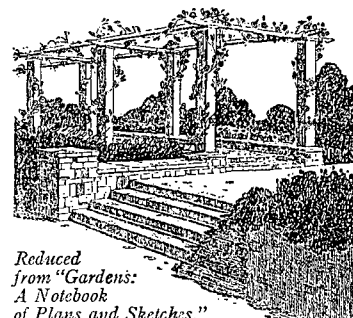
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Field "studied" children ("experimented" might seem the better word to Messrs. Thompson and Stone) "with the purpose of expressing their ways and their emotions in his poems and stories," yet he "studied them sympathetically and, as a rule, with tenderness." And Mr. Dennis cites his own offspring as beneficiaries of Field's good-will. Perhaps the continuing vogue in the schoolroom and at the bedtime hour constitutes the decisive argument.

The book, concentrating on Field's best years, is topical rather than chronological. Field as the up-to-date translator of Horace, as the insatiable collector, as the celebrant of Christmas, and as the enemy of "veritism" receives due attention. All the same, he is decisively put in his own milieu and his own day; and these pages, as a record of literary Chicago in the eighties, may come to have a permanent value. They depict a rather uncouth yet aspiring society on its way to something better; and it is the author's pleasing fancy to represent Field as a *sensor morum* who corrected by laughter: what other formula, indeed, for the disconcerted pork-packers and "Culture's Garland"? However, *quis custodiet?* Field, by heritage and by early environment, was a blend of East and West, of Massachusetts and Missouri; often these two influences ran side by side and produced an effect which was, at the very least, disconcerting. Perhaps it is but fair to say that Field himself needed discipline as much as did the community with which he cast his lot.

Mr. Dennis's book is large, full, well-organized, and carried on with a fine tactfulness. It has copious excerpts from Field's varied writings, and a complete and serviceable index. The only objection is that it comes too late—it is at least a quarter of a century behindhand. However, a busy man must find his opportunity when he can, and Mr. Dennis is perhaps justified in leaving his biggest job for his last.

HENRY B. FULLER

Mussolini Pro and Con

The Awakening of Italy: The Fascista Regeneration. By Luigi Villari. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

WE have no right as yet to expect an unbiased history of Fascism in Italy. If the writer be enough of an Italian to command all the facts, he will inevitably find his sympathies too much involved for cool judgment. Villari has apparently breathed in the smoke of battle these last years and is somewhat too honest to pretend disinterestedness. To him Mussolini is the savior of Italy, while Nitti was its evil genius. But the book is not to be cast aside because of its bias. If the reader will use it as an account of what has actually happened, suppressing now and then the names of the hero and villain of the piece (who, after all, were to a very striking degree the spokesmen of inevitable post-bellum reactions), he will come out with a fairly accurate story. And Villari has so candidly betrayed his sympathies for bourgeois normalcy that the proper deductions can always be made.

To a mere outsider who watched the fray from a balcony above the Seven Hills it seems that both men served their generation fairly well. When Italy was tobogganing downward after the war to find her economic level—a necessary process—she required most of all a resilient shock-absorber, and Nitti provided just that. On the rebound Italy needed force vigorously applied in the right direction. Mussolini was there at the proper moment, preferring, however, to use quantities of TNT where some of us think that a steady steam engine might have sufficed. But Italy has made the grade, notwithstanding the fact that she has been a bit rattled by the unsteady motion. It was a steep grade too, and the reader who follows Villari's honest catalogue of accomplishments in the latter half of the volume can readily forgive him for his enthusiasm. There is something very appealing in Mussolini's romantic faith in youth, his devotion to clean public service, his power to inspire dis-

interested work, his hatred of malingering and graft in public office. The list of his amazingly rapid reforms in breaking an outworn and futile bureaucracy, reconstructing the judicial system, cleaning the barnacles from the educational system, lopping off expensive sinecures, adjusting the tariffs and taxes to some semblance of fair incidence, and ridding the departments of ancient forms of graft is soberly enough set down by Villari and justifies in great measure his thesis.

It is in its silences and apologies that the book is least satisfying. The quixotic "march on Rome," saved from incalculable consequences by the King's wise intervention, is treated too casually. As for the Fascist militia, formed to protect the revolutionary government, Villari offers this judgment of cerulean innocence: "In order to replace the disbanded Guardia Regia without great expenditures and avoiding the employment of troops for the maintenance of order, Mussolini conceived the idea of creating a force of volunteer militia composed of Fascisti to assist the police when necessary"—a sentence that would find its proper setting in *Punch*. The brief paragraph on the Corfu affair is almost as delightfully naive. The praise Villari accords the government for breaking the labor unions and enticing the individual workmen by promises of jobs to betray their organizations is, to say the least, premature. Italy will eventually have to pay for this wholesale jettison of self-respect on the part of a million laborers.

Moreover, since the author is writing for foreigners, he might well have admitted that the peculiar Italian traits which reveal themselves so constantly in a florid self-confidence and a disintegrating individualism have at times forced Mussolini to adopt unparliamentary methods. In Italy, where there is little social cohesion, seldom an effort to comprehend a neighbor's point of view, and a very tenuous spirit of compromise, it is as yet too much to expect that democratic government will suffice for every crisis. We cannot forget that the present constitution is young, adopted—from a desire to be up to date—at a time when Italy was a patchwork of a dozen jealous states and when the majority of its citizens were still illiterate. Such considerations, which Villari would perhaps find less pleasure in recording, go far toward justifying a temporary dictatorship and an ingenious method of securing a workable legislative bloc by counting in a two-thirds majority of deputies to the credit of the party that gains a plurality of the votes at an election.

Finally it must be said that the first half of the volume, with its sharp criticism of previous governments, is far from satisfactory. It is quite likely that history will blame Nitti not so much for yielding what he did to urban labor as for not yielding more to the farm tenantry. Had he followed Rumania's example, the absentee landlord system, which, in its social and political consequences, is Italy's greatest curse, might then have been broken.

TENNEY FRANK

Chekhov Revealed

Letters on the Short Story, the Drama, and Other Literary Topics. By Anton Chekhov. Selected and edited by Louis S. Friedland. Minton, Balch and Company. \$4.

THOSE who seek to know the great figures of Russian literature will consider the letters and diary of Chekhov more important than the subjective writing of any of his compatriots. For other Russian authors have revealed in their creative work—often too readily and too obtrusively—the attitudes and appetites, convictions and characteristics which distinguished them from other men. Chekhov scrupulously refrained from expressing his opinions and his desires in the drama and fiction he wrote. Complete objectivity was the ideal of his art, a goal which he fully achieved. It is therefore necessary to peer into his more intimate pages for some idea of his character and quality.

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Chekhov dismissed all reticence and uncovered his soul. Here, and here only, has he declared himself the liberal and humanitarian, here the artist bemoaning a fate that forced him into journalism, here the Micawber with his everlasting embarrassments of a pecuniary nature, the literary oracle, honest yet kind, and the critic of Russian life and Slavic temperament. Hence the title of this volume is a bit misleading. It may give the impression that the book is a manual of rules and suggestions on authorship. And though there is sufficient consideration and criticism of literary media in the letters to justify the claim that the volume may be an aid to writing, the substance of these epistles is autobiography.

"And I must write and write and hurry to the post office, since, for me, not to write means living in debt and worry. . . . Not for one moment does the thought leave me that I must, that I am obliged to write. To write, and write, and write. I am of the opinion that inner happiness is impossible without idleness. My ideal: to be idle and love a fat girl. For me the greatest delight is to walk, or to sit and do nothing; my favorite occupation—to collect what is not needed (papers, bits of straw, etc.), and to do useless things. Meanwhile I am a litterateur, and must write, even here in Yalta. . . . I am disgusted with writing and I do not know what to do. I'd take up medicine with pleasure; I would look for a post, but I haven't the physical flexibility. When I write, or think about writing, I experience an aversion—as if I were eating sour-cabbage soup from which a roach had been removed—forgive the comparison. It is not writing itself toward which I feel this aversion—it is really toward the literary 'entourage' which one cannot escape, and which one always carries along as the earth carries its atmosphere."

These quotations are chosen from letters extending over a period of five years, that is, from 1893 to 1898. In 1887, when he had just arrived, Chekhov wrote ironically: "I may boast that my business is better than Loboda's. I, brother, have become a merchant. I sell articles, plays, books, and medical advice. I'll get no less than 1,000 rubles for the play; the other day I sold to a certain publisher fifteen old stories that were lying about and that had already appeared in print—for 150 rubles. Sold for one edition only. And so on. In a word, business is lively." The fullest expression of Chekhov's irked and bilked spirit is to be found in the satiric sketch "In Moscow," which Mr. Friedland has wisely included in this biographical material. The maladjustment between man and humanity and the complexity of living always oppressed Chekhov, though he saw and laughed at all of that three-ringed circus of life: the quirks of the gods, the antics of men, and the solemnity of circumstances.

Only slightly less important than the revelation of his own character is Chekhov's explanation of his created characters, especially of those whom the critics and the public misunderstood. In discussing Ivanov, the hero of a play of that name, Chekhov generalizes on the nature of a Russian gentleman. His reflections on the Slavic temperament and his comparisons with the Germans and French, though condensed into half a dozen pages, are equaled only by the observation of Herzen for penetrating analysis and indictment of Russian society. They clarify not merely Ivanov but also Turgenev's Rudin, Tolstoi's Nekhludov, and the salient Russians of one's own acquaintance.

As the quotations indicate, Mr. Friedland's translation is simple and satisfactory. Though the literal rendition occasionally makes for awkward passages like "that it is already a week since I have been tortured by ceaseless palpitations of the heart," it carries the tang of Chekhov's unpretentious yet neat and effective style. In his thoughtful introduction the editor summarizes successfully Chekhov's attitude toward the art of writing, but he overemphasizes the service that the master may render to students of literary technique. The craft of the litterateur was always an incidental consideration with Chekhov.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Mature Youth

The Apple of the Eye. By Glenway Westcott. Dial Publishing Company. \$2.50.

THE literature of locality is prevalent just now in America, and therefore Mr. Westcott's book is announced as the story of "a little-known countryside of southern Wisconsin." The setting is painted beautifully and truthfully, but "The Apple of the Eye" is, as a first novel is apt to be, chiefly a presentation of a young man's philosophy and experience of life, with an autobiographical flavor.

This novel, in impulse and method, inclines rather toward poetry than toward that vital concern with character which Arnold Bennett names as the basis of pure fiction. The sureness of the characterizations seems to rest upon thoughtful consideration and not so much upon that minute and intuitive understanding of people as people that usually marks the born writer of fiction. The characters are human qualities—purity, chastity, sensuous joy, the primitive—rather than human beings. But what the book lacks in the sense of intense intimacy and of a deep human relish for the spectacle of life it perhaps gains in a poetic simplicity of conception.

There is no particular value in restating its philosophy, which is set forth very definitely in the book itself. Philosophies and conclusions cannot make art, although they can mar it. There are other, personal qualities which give Mr. Westcott's book a very marked distinction—an exceptional sense of form and balance, poetic insight, and a kind of fine adequacy in form, characterization, speech, incident, style that is like the satisfying competency of technique which one feels in certain musicians.

The whole book shows this perception of aesthetic form, as every separate sentence shows it. It is very nearly faultless in technique—faultless rather than perfect, because the feeling of perfection is more intense and goes beyond this. The book is divided with a beautiful coherence. The first part, the primitive story of Bad Han, is quite complete and at the same time forms a legend for the rest of the book. The second part tells, as it stands, the brief tragedy of the coming together of puritan and pagan; but it, too, is drawn into the whole by its influence in the development of young Dan Strane's comprehension of life. The third part coordinates the other two. There is a balanced comprehension of both the puritan and pagan impulses, very rare in American fiction up to this time but exactly due. Beside the excesses of many recent novels this has the maturity of a thoughtful and deeply feeling boy, watching his elders, weighing and pondering, then quietly and resolutely taking his own way among the materials of his choice.

The preoccupation with form exacts its penalty, however, in a certain static quality. Each sentence, each paragraph and part is so careful, so complete that it tends to halt the movement instead of becoming an integral part of it. There are a few very fine scenes which move of their own accord, inevitably, and irresistibly. The most beautiful is the sheep-shearing scene in the chapter called A Puritan Idyll. And there is, too, a certain remoteness or isolation in the quality of the author's vision which often gives the effect of someone standing a little too much apart and seeing with a distinct but at times unrelated view; so that we get, not quite so much a vivid participation in the thing itself as a fine and truthful but rather too personal vision of it.

There is little of the haziness, unevenness, and panicky loss of direction of an immature novel. And yet, for all its simplification, the book has behind it far too strong and aesthetic impulse and feeling to produce the journalistic patness and obviousness of a thesis novel. Only twice, I think, does a certain immaturity betray itself: first, in the story of Rosalia, which has too much of a poetic Ophelia touch about the pretty madness and which does get off the basis of reality to which

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most of the story holds so firmly; and again at the end—the intellectual test of any novel—which turns to autobiography and spoils the illusion of a thing complete in itself. Like his own Dan Strane the author cannot quite make a legend of his own short life—cannot hold these things away from him but must relate them too closely to his own personal existence. Thus the vision underlying the book is not quite equal to its fine execution. But it is a beautiful book, individual if not strongly original at bottom.

RUTH SUCKOW

The Great Sorcerer

Wagner as Man and Artist. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

THE first American appearance of Mr. Newman's "Wagner" should be an occasion for public rejoicing. Musical criticism is so often no more than a display of pedantic dullness, or personal caprice, or simply bad temper that one welcomes with delight the exercise of an intelligence as incorruptible as it is certainly not pea-green. There is nothing ponderous about Mr. Newman's learning, and nothing spiteful or ignorant about his wit. His first book on Wagner came after the permanent proof and establishment of the great sorcerer's genius, and therefore he is not one of those whose unremitting crusades brought first light to the darkness of the barbarians. Yet he was one of the first to write a full study of Wagner in English, and he is one of the last to give the shining distinction of wisdom and learning to the unraveling of a personality whose art reshaped the texture of music, roused the diligent wrath of schoolmen, and even now afflicts the chambered elegance of those who like to talk about "pure" music.

When Mr. Newman considers Wagner the man and Wagner the artist he is, of course, doing two almost separated tasks. The time has gone by when a great-hearted critic like Ruskin can affirm that the beauty of art springs from the beauty of the artist's character. In his own life Wagner presented a discreditable series of years filled with egotism, greed, meanness, pettiness, and vanity. In music, and for that matter in any kind of art, perhaps no one else has created a world so colored with loveliness and splendor and haunting enchantment. Mr. Newman does not indulge himself with moral judgments about Wagner's disingenuous conduct and his almost monstrous egotism. It would be too much like lecturing the ocean. Wagner was what he was, by the very force of his temperament. The world did not treat him kindly, or welcome his slow-maturing colossal genius with anything like enthusiasm. The world was too busy admiring Meyerbeer's operas, immense and impressive like gigantic earthworms. It had no time for a new heaven peopled with gods and heroes and incomparable seraphim. Wagner's years of almost incredible privation and disappointment in Paris would have planted weeds of rank bitterness in the heart of the most self-denying, and self-denial is not a desirable virtue in one who, like Siegfried rather than like Parsifal, was to dispossess the old order that a magic rainbow might be flung to the cloud turrets of Valhalla.

In his first study Mr. Newman explained the difficult business of Wagner's "ideas" about music drama and even then indicated that the ideas do not matter. Wagner was wiser than his metaphysics and more enduring than his theories. Mr. Newman leaves for lesser critics the pain of being bothered by Wagner's determination to paint in music the dazzle of magic fire and the bleak upland of a mountain dawn rather than the geometrics of a spun pattern. Taking his own great learning almost for granted, Mr. Newman first disentangles the thick mesh of "Mein Leben" (an invaluable and often misleading document) so that he may proceed to the Artist in Theory and the Artist in Practice. Informed with a culture of old music no less genuine than his understanding of new music, Mr. Newman traces the long course of Wagner's development from the early Italianism of "Lohengrin" and "Tann-

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häuser" to the creation of works which are Wagner's own, his final and indisputable masterpieces. Certainly Mr. Newman was never more subtle or profound than in the pages wherein he discovers Wagner's symphonic lineage and shows that the abiding permanence of his greatest music lies in the symphonic web of the tone poem rather than in the histrionics of the stage. Whatever Wagner himself may have written to the contrary, Mr. Newman is altogether right in describing the finest pages in "Tristan" and "Götterdämmerung" as concert pieces independent of the contours of fat sopranos or the stage fright of Brynhilde's horse.

It would be impossible for anyone in words to give more than a faint intimation of the stupendous grandeur of the last act of "Götterdämmerung," or the fearful mounting passion of "Tristan," or the golden serenity of "Parsifal." Analysis and explanation and persuasion can do little more to make clear the rapture of a remembered experience. Yet if anyone can indicate the infallible invention of Wagner as a dramatist, or his extraordinary variety of tone painting, or his overwhelming orchestral climaxes, it must be Mr. Newman, unless indeed it is Mr. Lawrence Gilman. Once Mr. Newman has discussed the historical and technical details of Wagner's life and art he can in full measure estimate the nature of an achievement as astounding as the "Ring" or as exquisite as "Die Meistersinger." Having disposed of the quaint theory that Wagner ever tried to put actual birds and horses and forests into music, Mr. Newman can give us (or perhaps merely renew for us) judgment on Wagner's volcanic concentration of musical phrase, his understanding of the most diverse springs of character so that Hagen and Alberich are drawn with no less complete reality than Siegmund and Brynhilde, his rising flood of a long-drawn musical intensity that at last gathers to itself the very substance of pain and sorrow and sublimity. Each of the great operas hangs like a profound dream over the dark gulf of time. Each one glows from its own luminous and terrible beauty and speaks with its own voice of divine godhead.

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Greek sculpture, Flanders, or the cathedral a living organism into which one enters, of whose growth and decline one seems to be a part.

Enough to ask of one book, perhaps, and certainly more than most writers on art have to offer. Yet because of his importance M. Faure deserves to be judged by severe standards. He does much, but not everything equally well, and there are serious failings almost inevitable in the sort of task he has undertaken.

The first follows naturally from his attempt to interrelate so many different subjects. Along with Spencer and many other philosophers he has fallen into the trap of over-simplifying history, trying to reduce it to the interplay of a few factors, assuming universal causal connections where they do not exist. He has undertaken to show how all sorts of remote conditions affect the arts, and show it he will in every case, resorting when necessary to the most far-fetched explanations of underlying influence. Too cautious or too rhetorical to make simple and clear assertions, he piles up analogies. The Hindus live in tropical forests, profuse with swarming life; they are pantheists; their art is profuse, swarming with unorganized forms. The ground of Italy undulates; its church holds individuals in order; Florentine line embraces living forms in its undulating arabesque. Provence has bare rocks and sharply outlined planes; Cézanne's painting is reduced to the bare essentials of form. Drugged by long passages of highly colored prose, one forgets to ask: "But is this really an explanation? Have not other sorts of environment produced that kind of art? Have not the same environments produced different kinds of art?" Doubts and exceptions are brushed aside with vague, high-sounding concepts reminiscent of Spencer: integrations and dissolutions of social forces, rhythms, equilibria, periods of analysis and synthesis. Rarely is a specific picture more than casually alluded to; never is it discussed with anything approaching thoroughness. A few chapters are genuinely constructive in linking up a social institution with an art-form; others are full of penetrating guesses which open up long vistas of possible speculation; some dress up the familiar and obvious thing, such as the connection between Venetian pageantry and color. But all are written as if the system of events were simple and certain; no circumstance is irrelevant, no phenomenon incomprehensible; never is the author content to admit frankly: "Ingres was a bourgeois; some bourgeois paint one way and some another; why, I do not know."

In explaining the subject-matter of art he is more plausible. Social and religious conditions doubtless determine to some extent what a man shall paint, whether Virgins or Venuses, queens or wives of millionaires. But whether they determine how he shall paint them, with what line, color, light, and shade, is more dubious. There probably is some relationship, but M. Faure has not established it as universally as he supposes. The plastic qualities of a painting or statue are what distinguish it from other treatments of the same subject; far more than subject-matter, they distinguish an artist or an age from others. Presumably they should be the central theme of a history of art, but here, as usual, they are persistently subordinated to subject-matter. So when the author comes to men whose subjects are comparatively unimportant—Chardin, the Negro sculptors, Modigliani, Picasso—he is all at sea; he passes quickly on, or spins out irrelevant platitudes. Elsewhere his occasional perception of plastic form is drowned in a flood of other ideas, poured in haphazard. There are so many horses to ride at once that he has to skip back and forth incessantly. First a vague simile, perhaps (this artist's colors are like burning clay); then his home town, where such colors are to be seen; his early loves, the books he read; the scenes he must have met with on the street; long idyllic reveries, long pursuit of labored metaphors. As a statement of facts it is bewildering; and even as rhetoric the flowery phrases lose their first appeal. The same figures of speech come back a little too often, the same hearts throbbing with fever, full breasts of women,

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calm brows of blond angels, pearly mists and ruby pulps of tropical fruit. One can enjoy such things for a while in either a poet or a Frenchman; M. Faure is both, but there is a limit.

His virtues and defects, in short, are those of all romanticists—enthusiasm, intuitive sympathy for human struggle and emotion, along with extravagance, loose thinking, and dissipation of energy. What he says of the romanticists is essentially true of himself: Delacroix "feels too much, he wants to say too much; and if the ensemble is always living, it sometimes is too much alive, it reels, as if it could not bear the weight of silence. . . . Hugo abounds in holes, in empty places full of smoke and wind. Wagner is often loose and prolix, and his giant breast suffocates under the flowers he heaps up."

The final test of art criticism would seem to be: Does it help one to appreciate art? There is room for doubt whether M. Faure's type of criticism, in spite of the pleasant reading it makes, will ever accomplish much toward that end. It can succeed only in giving one the habit of looking at a painting in so many ways at once that all are bound to be confused and blurred, with dimly felt plastic qualities, subject-matter, historical associations, and day-dreams all jostling one another for supremacy. By the easily satisfied this fulness of soul, these vague emotional quiverings at the name Botticelli or Sistine Madonna, are taken for understanding and appreciation. Such readers will come from this book with a comfortable sense of omniscience but with no suspicion that such a thing as plastic form exists, and with little conception of how to proceed in the face of a new and unfamiliar painting. M. Faure admits frankly that his work is a poem, and holds that the study of art must be either that or the dry table of dates which he appends to each volume. Is there no middle ground, then, for clear thinking, for the simple statement of facts, opinions, and preferences? Why should a good picture be injured by our finding out just what forms it produces with its line, light, and color, in what distinctive ways it treats its subject? A history of art that followed this course, or indeed any course straightforwardly, would get somewhere, and need by no means be coldly intellectual about it. A little of such thinking would make it possible to approach, with some hope of success, a few of the ten thousand problems that M. Faure has valiantly tried to solve at once.

THOMAS MUNRO

Books in Brief

The Falkland Islands. By V. F. Boyson. With notes on the natural history by Rupert Vallentin. Oxford University Press. \$5.

A history of the treeless islands of Patagonia which entered history with Amerigo Vespucci and became a plaything of Spanish, French, and British ambitions. Today the strange huge Falkland fox is extinct and the last king penguin is dead, its oil used to seal the Falkland roofs. A commercial company takes profits from a million sheep and kills the wild geese who dispute with the sheep the succulent native tussock-grass. But the mysterious stone rivers, in which no water ever runs, remain to puzzle the geologist and the geographer.

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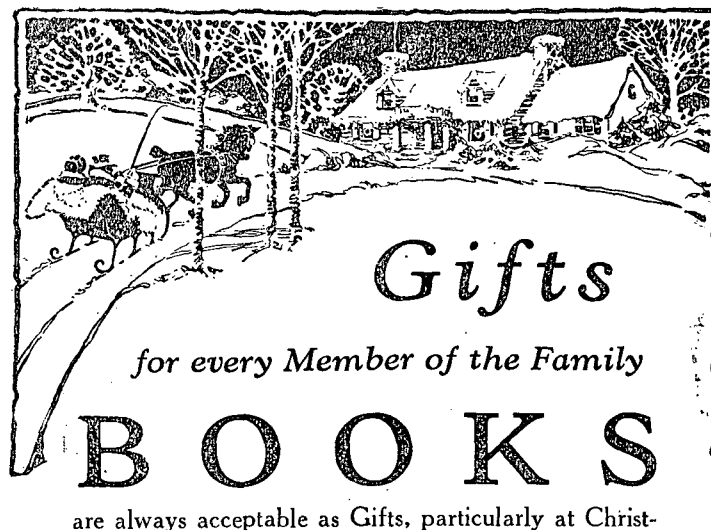
By DOROTHY GRAFFE

THERE is as little logic in discussing "books for children" as there would be in lumping the balance of printed matter under "books for adults." Adults read poetry and essays, scientific treatises or dissertations written to obtain a Ph.D.; they do not, however, regard all these as one and the same species. But for the children, who are obliged in the main to read only those books which adults have written—with a few honorable exceptions—and certainly which they have printed and published, there is only "juvenile literature," passed out over the counter with never a thought for the particular inclinations of the boy or girl who will read it. The final insult, of course, is that adults write articles deciding which books are most suitable for a certain age, size, and doubtless color of child. This discussion, therefore, is not for the purpose of determining which books of the current season are best for, say, a blond boy of eleven. One has difficulty enough in predicting for adults. Yet books written for children have a right to examination as literature, and in the long run it is as literature that they will be judged by their readers, old or young.

It is pleasant to record that two of the most beguiling books classed this season as "juveniles" have been written by children themselves. Selections from Hilda Conkling's two volumes have been issued as one ("Silverhorn"; Stokes: \$2.50), and Nathalia Crane, a young woman of twelve years or so, has brought out a volume of poems ("The Janitor's Boy"; Seltzer: \$1.50), which a poet twice her age might read with envy and considerable delight. Mr. William Rose Benét in an admirable preface has said perhaps all there is to say about Nathalia, and he has picked out for comment almost every line of distinction in the volume—lines revealing genuine poetic insight into matters which are not ordinarily grasped so clearly at twelve. With Hilda Conkling it would be much more difficult to isolate felicitous lines, for Hilda is felicitous almost always, if she is also at times reminiscent and self-consciously rapturous. Hilda knows what a poet may say; she will learn in time what he may not. Meanwhile, she can write:

Sun-flowers, stop growing!
If you touch the sky where those clouds are passing
Like tufts of dandelion gone to seed,
The sky will put you out!
You know it is blue like the sea . . .
Maybe it is wet, too!
Your gold faces will be gone forever
If you brush against that blue
Ever so softly!

There are those children who read Hugh Lofting gray and ragged; for them a new volume, as rich and gently humorous as the others, will be cause for joy ("Doctor Dolittle's Circus"; Stokes: \$2.50). The little doctor is still the despair of his neat duck housekeeper; he will wander over the country ministering sensibly to afflicted animals. Mr. Lofting has composed also a diverting book of nonsense rhymes ("Porridge Poetry"; Stokes: \$1.25), adding his own absurdly solemn illustrations. Very amiable young children should find this little book as welcome as "the wonderful adventures of Ludo, the little green duck" (Duffield: \$2), an extravaganza in lavish green and purple which takes Ludo from his home in Normandy across the world and back again. "Tony Sarg's Book for Children" (Greenberg: \$3.75) is likewise full of colored pictures intimately illustrating a text that will delight aged parents who must read it aloud; it holds, moreover, plenty of interest and laughter for children, even if a little of the humor is above their heads. The tale of how the battle of Waterloo was lost through Napoleon's excessive fondness for pastry should become a classic of nonsensical history. The handsomely bound "Number Two Joy Street" (Appleton: \$2.50) is both less hilarious and less successful than Mr. Sarg's volume. Mr. A. A.



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Milne's story of Prince Rabbit, which begins the book, is charmingly light and original. The rest of the poems and stories vary considerably in merit; some are pretty, some have wit; one at least is dull beyond words.

Mr. Padraic Colum ("The Island of the Mighty"; Macmillan: \$2.25) has retold the matchless tales of the Mabinogion so that their poetry, freed from often wearying complications, gushes forth clear and bright. Here are King Arthur's knights with different names and different tasks, but still daring and firm, still riding forth to slay monsters, protect the poor and friendless, storm unassailable castles, and take to wife the fairest ladies in the world. "In the youth's hands," so runs the tale of Kilhuch and Olwen, "were two spears of silver, sharp and well-tempered, of an edge to wound the wind. . . . And the blades of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed toward the gate of King Arthur's palace." This was the age when chivalry in literature was yet uncorrupted, when it was proud and lovely and free of rancor. The high-hearted will read about it and ask for more. It is a pity that this book, as well as Harriet Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord" (Macmillan: \$1.75), charmingly illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, could not have been given a better dress by the publisher. The contents, the end papers, the pictures are all satisfying, but a thoroughly unimaginative binding makes the approach to them a little difficult.

When he wrote "Highwaymen"—as good a book for children as was ever written—Mr. Charles J. Finger showed himself a first-rate story-teller. Now in "Tales from Silver Lands" (Doubleday: \$3.50) he has retold certain legends of the South American Indians with spirit and with a swift and captivating grace. If a mere grown-up may judge of such matters, this is the ideal children's book. It is, to begin with, beautifully made and illustrated with excellent woodcuts by Paul Honoré; it tells of giants and witches, of astute animals who not only attend sensibly to their own affairs but are generous enough to come to the aid of honest young men harassed by sorcerers, of unsuspecting little girls whom black magic freezes tight to a rock; it is rich in fancy and poetry and at the same time full of good sense and good humor; brave deeds succeed each other and the moral is not distressingly plain. If a child is so unreasonable as to demand more than Mr. Finger has to offer, he can only be directed to retreat in good order to Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe, those ancient strongholds.

A Note on Gluck

By PITTS SANBORN

NOW that the Metropolitan Opera House has gone for over seven years without giving the public anything by Gluck, the Society of the Friends of Music is taking upon itself to fill a want by devoting its concert of next April to a performance of Gluck's "Orfeo," to be done, of course, in what, for convenience, is termed "concert form." It is a distressing reflection that Gluck is no longer staged at the Metropolitan, but in justice to Mr. Gatti-Casazza we must not forget that during his sixteen years of directorship he has done what no other impresario ever did in America; he has produced three operas by Gluck, "Orfeo," "Armide," and "Iphigénie en Tauride"—the first in particularly artistic fashion and the two latter at least for the first time in this country. Perhaps eventually he will return to Gluck.

Meanwhile, if New York is to look to the concerts of the Friends of Music for the creations of a great composer of lyric drama whose works are constantly staged in Europe, it is permissible to express a wish that the Friends had selected for their coming concert performance not the comparatively familiar "Orfeo" but that particular one of the six major operas of Gluck which has never been restored to stage use. I mean the "Paride ed Elena." However, inasmuch as the Friends

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have chosen "Orfeo," one may then wish that they would see fit to distinguish the concert performance by discarding the usual contralto version in favor of the version which Gluck made twelve years later, when the work was to be introduced to Paris, rewriting the part of the hero for a tenor voice.

But, gloomy reflections and unprofitable wishes aside, it is a fact that the operas of Gluck belong in the theater and that they can be so presented as to appeal strongly to audiences of today. The Munich Festival of 1922 reached its artistic culmination in the performance of "Iphigénie en Aulide" (in a German translation of course), under the direction of Bruno Walter and with Delia Reinhardt and Fritz Feinhals congenially cast as Iphigenia and Agamemnon. The manner of staging the work in Munich was worthy of emulation on any stage. Without risking the grotesque, it might conveniently be described as expressionistic.

Most of the action passed in the huge curtained tent of King Agamemnon, through occasional rifts in which one got a glimpse of the Greek encampment silhouetted black against an orange sky. There was thus the sense of something trameled and held back as long as the Greek army sat windbound on the coast of Aulis. For the miracle the entire theater was absolutely darkened, and when again light slowly dawned the tent had disappeared and we saw nothing but a wide expanse of beach and a wider sea beyond, bearing the liberated ships. The Grecian host came rushing to the shore with a mighty shout of "Nach Troja!" and the curtain fell on a tempest of frenzied rejoicing.

Similar stagecraft might be applied to Gluck's four other operas of Grecian subject—"Orfeo" itself, "Alceste," "Paride ed Elena," and "Iphigénie en Tauride." But an opera of the time of the Crusades, of adventure and necromancy in the nearer East, is another matter. In "Armide" Gluck's music, though romantic enough in feeling, remains strictly classical in form and subdued in coloring. Of the local color with which any composer of the last two or three generations would saturate an Armida opera Gluck's score is entirely innocent. A realistic Oriental setting, faithful to the period of the Crusades, could not but swear lustily at the classical formalism of the music. Fantastic scenery and costumes, such as our Metropolitan essayed when it put on "Armide" thirteen years ago, were likewise out of sympathy with the music, for Gluck's score, though plenteously imaginative, is not fantastic. To solve the contradictory problems of staging this strange masterpiece some have even advocated the wisdom of dressing it frankly according to the court style of the reign of Louis XVI, as it was dressed on the occasion of its initial production at Paris in 1777.

The Paris Opéra, under the present management, has made an interesting experiment of this sort in the staging of operas by Gluck's great predecessor, Rameau. Following the modes of the Louis XV period, the magnificence of the costumes in "Castor et Pollux" turned M. Rouché's costly production at the Opéra into a nine days' wonder. But interesting and artistic as the production indisputably was, the tragedy of "Castor et Pollux" got somehow lost amid the mighty bastions of the ladies' petticoats and the overwhelming parapets of their infinitely elaborated wigs.

If for "Armide" a "period" production is the thing, the inevitable model may be found blazoned on a set of tapestries treasured in the *Residenz* of the Bavarian kings in Munich. Those tapestries unfold the adventure of the crusading knight Rinaldo with the temptress Armida in a series of pictures whose sumptuous court costuming, though of a land far distant from the Orient and a time centuries later than the Crusades, nevertheless leaves ample room for portrayal of emotion in the features and bodies of the protagonists. If some such model as the Munich tapestries is not followed, then the staging of "Armide" should be without reference to time or clime, a frankly expressionistic presentation, duly decorative but with a discreet abstinence from the extravagant and grotesque.

These are mere suggestions, based on observation, for the effective production of Gluck's operas. The operas themselves need no apology or defense. They are as stageworthy today as the day they were written. Five of them hold a definite place in the theater, and with the present fashion of reviving operatic masterpieces of the remoter past—as, notably, Handel's operas in Germany—it seems extremely likely that "Paride ed Elena" will yet be restored to the stage, where it belongs. It is worthy of note that Richard Strauss has just sponsored a revival of Gluck's ballet "Don Juan" at the Vienna State Opera and that his little "vaudeville," "Les Pèlerins de Mecque," has recently been given again in Paris.

Undoubtedly "Orfeo" as an oratorio will be heard with pleasure when the Friends of Music present it in April. It is no disparagement to their well-meant effort to insist, however, that the place for the operas of Gluck is the stage and that, produced with the taste and imagination of modern stagecraft and competently cast and conducted, they can be trusted to interest audiences at the Metropolitan or any other opera house in the world.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers its fifth annual poetry prize of \$100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest follow:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Monday, December 1, and not later than Wednesday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."
2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.
3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.
- 4: No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.
5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.
6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 11, 1925.
7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama Compromise

IT was the simple faith of the old-fashioned playwright that life proposed no problems not completely solvable by those who were willing in purity of heart "to do the right thing," and it was the dominant thesis of the realistic drama which swept down from the North to revolutionize ethical thought that life's favorite game was, on the contrary, the devising of dilemmas from which neither good-will nor intelligence provided any possible escape. Between these two views, the one so comfortable and so false, the other so dark and so ready to leap into unre-

lieved tragedy, lies a region not so carefully cultivated as either of the others—the region where man is shown balked perhaps of his dearest desires and forced into compromises which his spirit does not willingly make, yet finding some *modus vivendi* for his soul in a world to which he need not wholly surrender.

Because Mr. Sidney Howard has chosen to treat of this middle-ground, his play "They Knew What They Wanted" (Garlick Theater) seems to me extraordinarily interesting. In it three simple people face a problem apparently too difficult for their quite uncultivated intelligences and yet succeed, in a measure, in solving it by virtue of a native intelligence strong enough to make them see how, by giving up much, they can still salvage something from the wreck which circumstance has brought about.

Tony, a middle-aged Italian wine-grower become rich in California, wants a wife and child. He falls in love with a San Francisco waitress and by mail he proposes marriage. The waitress longs so much for a home that she accepts, but as the result of a peculiar confusion she believes that it is a young workman on the place whom she has accepted, and it is not until she has arrived at the house that she realizes her mistake. A few moments before this Tony has been injured in an automobile accident, and, moved half by pity and half by the realization that life will hardly offer her a fairer chance at an existence reasonably decent and comfortable, she resolves to go through with the bargain. But she has reckoned without the presence of the young man whom she had imagined as her future husband. That night (and on no other occasion) they succumb to moonlit madness and that once is enough. Three months later the girl, nursing the wounded man back to health, has come to feel for him at least as much love as can be born of admiration and gratitude alone, and she has forgotten her momentary passion; but the doctor informs her that in the moment of madness a child was conceived. The thought, not of their lust but of their treachery, overwhelms the guilty pair; there seems to remain nothing for them to do except to leave together and to crush the man whom they both love. They tell him and he rises in a frenzy of pain to drive them quickly from the house.

Now fate, working in league with treacherous nature, has seldom devised a subtler or more seemingly hopeless dilemma, and for those who would accept Brand's motto "All or nothing" it would be the nothing which they would get, because it is obviously impossible that any of the three should ever wholly forget or that Tony should ever recapture his dream of the beautiful American girl who loves him with the wholehearted and exclusive passion with which he loves her. To the conventionally minded the situation is hopeless, and so, too, is it hopeless to those who love to find the unsolvable dilemma; but surely if clear vision and thought untrammelled by prejudice or sentimentality is worth anything it is because, after uncovering life's chronic unwillingness to gratify our romantic desire, it teaches us somehow to make the best of what it will give, and it is exactly that which Mr. Howard, choosing a method even bolder than that of the unhappy end, has made his characters decide. The guilty youth wants his freedom, the girl wants her home, Tony wants a baby. Why then should not the man and wife remain together? For then all three will get what they want even if not exactly in the way they wanted it. Thus the art of life is shown to be the art of compromise.

This thesis is neither pleasant nor spectacular, and it is therefore not an easy one to make effective in drama. But the conceptions of character embodied in Tony and the girl (brilliantly interpreted by Richard Bennett and Pauline Lord) succeed in making the play both convincing and, to one spectator at least, thoroughly satisfactory. The latter character, both as conceived by Mr. Howard and as interpreted by Miss Lord, is one of the most significant figures which the current stage has to offer. Through her Mr. Howard has succeeded in salvaging romance for an age suspicious of the idealization which romance seems to demand. He has made her as fallible and as limited as the strictest realism demands, but he has made her

at the same time as appealing as any spotless heroine ever conceived by the most inveterate sentimentalist.

"Pigs" (Little Theater) is amusing theatricality of the sort which has made Mr. John Golden rich. "The Desert Flower" (Longacre) is melodrama for the simple-minded only; those for whom it is intended seem to relish it hugely.

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